

THE

Elks

MAGAZINE

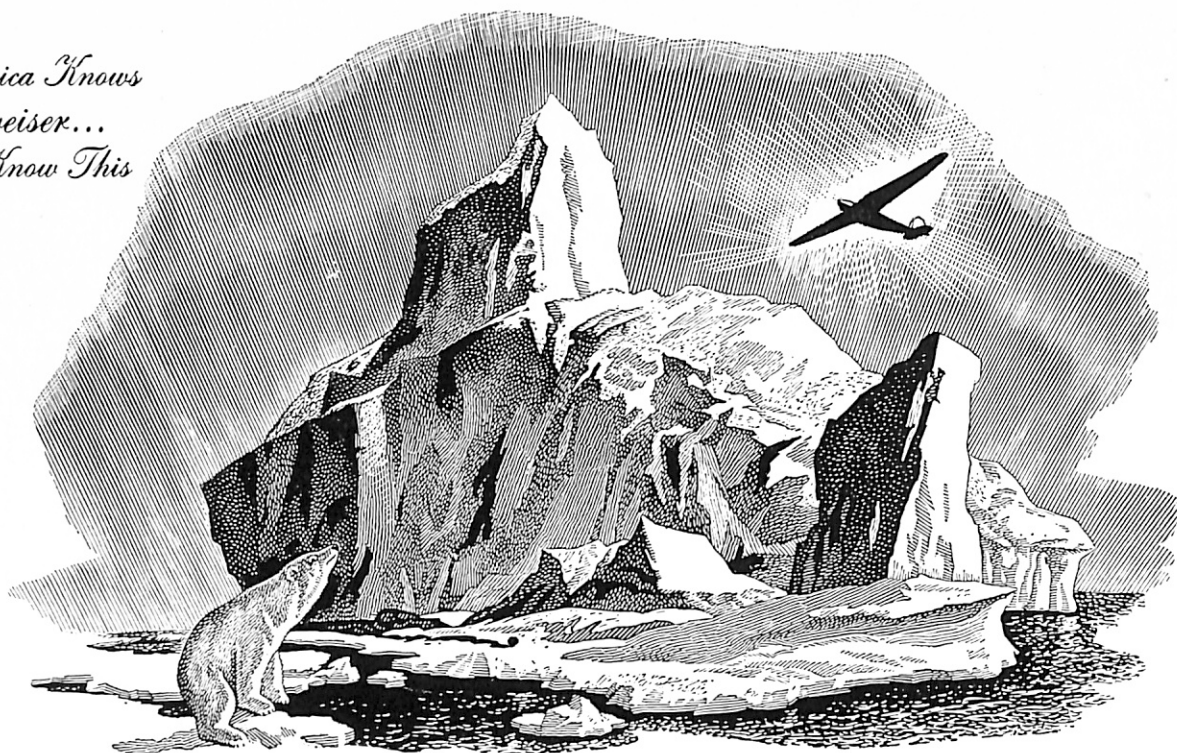
OCTOBER 1942

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JOHN HYDE
PHILLIPS

*All America Knows
Budweiser...
but Few Know This*



FROM GLACIERS TO GLIDERS

Thousands of retailers of ice cream and frozen foods are using equipment made by our Refrigeration Division—a manufacturing activity which was developed from our years of experience in making ice in glacier-like quantities needed for the brewing of Budweiser.

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Budweiser

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A N H E U S E R - B U S C H • • • S A I N T L O U I S



Elks National War Service Week

FOR the past two years the Elks War Commission, through a proclamation of the Grand Exalted Ruler, has set aside a week in October for the Order's national observance of patriotic activities. In 1940 the week was appropriately called "Preparedness Week" and in 1941 the week was observed as "National Defense Week". This year, with our country at grips with the enemy on many fronts and our Order—to a man—pledged and prepared to write new and glorious pages in the history of its patriotic service, it is appropriate that we follow precedent and again sponsor and observe a week of national service. One in which our war programs will be emphasized and brought to public attention and a vital message given to all America, conveying the manifold opportunities for the individual service of every citizen.

Thus the week of October 26th-31st, inclusive, has been designated through a proclamation by Grand Exalted Ruler E. Mark Sullivan as "Elks National War Service Week".

During that period every subordinate lodge will be asked to sponsor and hold public meetings of a patri-

otic nature in which stress will be placed upon the obligation of every citizen to serve his country. Individual lodges will conduct special activities in connection with their participation in the "Keep 'Em Flying" program, the Naval Aviation Cadet procurement program and the program of cooperation with the Army Air Forces for recruiting mechanical personnel. Lodges operating Elks Fraternal Centers will sponsor special events for Elks and their friends in the service and in numerous other ways activities throughout the week will point not only to the war services performed by our Order, but to the opportunities for service by all.

Suggested programs for events and meetings are in the hands of the Exalted Rulers and War Committee Chairmen of the subordinate lodges, and preparations are in full swing to make the week of October 26th-31st outstanding in the annals of Elksdom.

Let each lodge and each Elk take full cognizance of this great opportunity to extend the patriotic service of the Order and again to demonstrate to America the leadership of Elksdom!

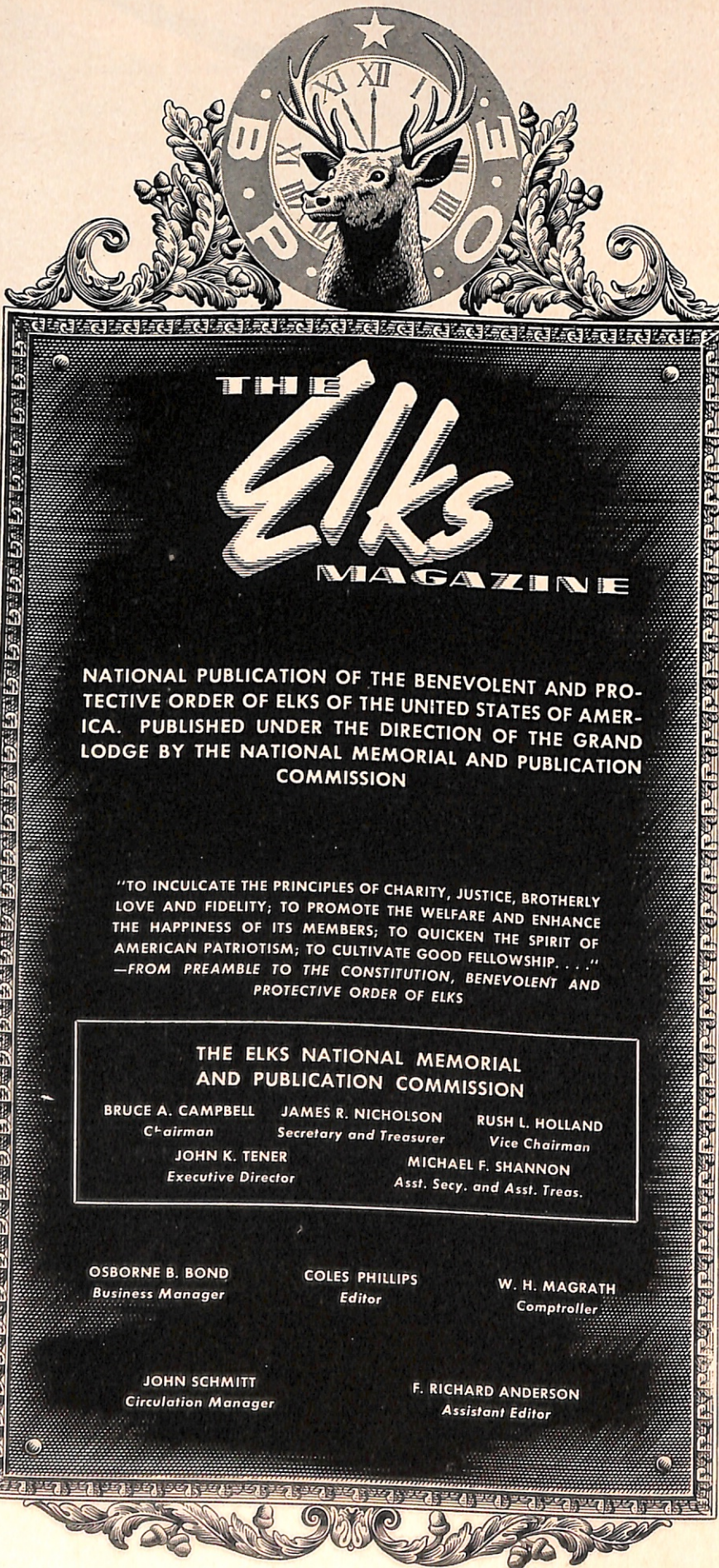
OCTOBER 1942

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THE
Elks
MAGAZINE

NATIONAL PUBLICATION OF THE BENEVOLENT AND PRO-
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ICA. PUBLISHED UNDER THE DIRECTION OF THE GRAND
LODGE BY THE NATIONAL MEMORIAL AND PUBLICATION
COMMISSION

"TO INCULCATE THE PRINCIPLES OF CHARITY, JUSTICE, BROTHERLY
LOVE AND FIDELITY; TO PROMOTE THE WELFARE AND ENHANCE
THE HAPPINESS OF ITS MEMBERS; TO QUICKEN THE SPIRIT OF
AMERICAN PATRIOTISM; TO CULTIVATE GOOD FELLOWSHIP. . . ."
—FROM PREAMBLE TO THE CONSTITUTION, BENEVOLENT AND
PROTECTIVE ORDER OF ELKS

**THE ELKS NATIONAL MEMORIAL
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IN THIS ISSUE

We Present—

LIEUTENANT Commander George W. Campbell, U.S.N., is the author of "The Lion and the Mouse". Commander Campbell served in the last war as a private in the Army, and in 1922 entered the Naval Academy. He has served on six battlewagons and as the executive officer and skipper of a destroyer. In 1930 he went to Lakehurst, New Jersey, and qualified as a lighter-than-air pilot and, after the *Macon* disaster, went back to sea. He has been writing, when he could grab the time, for five years. The reader's interest in "The Lion and the Mouse" is immeasurably increased by the author's understanding of the ways of gobs and guns.

"Boom in Blimps" starts out with a bang. Philip Harkins spent some time at Commander Campbell's one-time base, Lakehurst, gathering material pertaining to the blimp which has put such a crimp in Axis submarine warfare. It is a story of the officers and men who devote their lives to an unceasing vigilance of the seas near our shores. Mr. Harkins tells of their training and work, and takes you on an imaginary flight from Lakehurst out over the Atlantic. When you have finished reading "Boom in Blimps" and "The Lion and the Mouse" you will have a greater understanding of the operation of your Navy.

We are publishing in this issue an article by Stanley Frank entitled "National Game and Problem". It relates to the most controversial issue in sports today, the Negro and organized baseball. *The Elks Magazine* takes no position whatever in regard to this question or in regard to Mr. Frank's opinions and neither endorses nor disproves of his article, or any statement made therein. We publish it as the commentary of one of the outstanding sports writers in the country.

Two outstanding writers who have contributed fine fiction in the past to these pages are B. B. Fowler and Thomas Walsh. Mr. Fowler's "Give a Dog a Name" and Mr. Walsh's "Shadowy Man" this month will give you a pleasant escape from war and more war.

Ray Trullinger tells us something about the Army and Navy Gunnery Schools where shotgun shooting is a basic part of the training. If the reputations of the instructors and the scores of the students mean anything, and we promise you that they do, life expectancy for enemy pilots has been considerably shortened.

Harry Hansen has braced himself for the first onslaught of Fall books, and Mr. Faust embarks, and that's not a pun, on a history of dogs. He has found so much material of interest that this issue contains only the first of two parts.

F.R.A.



THIS is more than a war of mechanical monsters clashing in the night . . . more than a war of production.

It is a war for markets—*your* markets! The Axis wants your business—wants to destroy it once and for all.

With so much at stake, there is no doubt you will want to do everything you can to meet this Axis threat. Two ways are open: Speed production and put 10 percent of your income into **WAR BONDS!** The only answer to enemy tanks and planes is *more* American tanks and planes—and your regular, month-by-month purchases of War Bonds will help supply them. Buy now *and keep buying*.

THE GOAL: 10% OF EVERYONE'S INCOME IN WAR BONDS

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War Savings Bonds

This space is a contribution to Winning the War by
THE ELKS MAGAZINE

THEY were an odd pair coming up through the drowsy quietness of Andover's Main Street in the brooding warmth of late August. The man was perhaps twenty-seven or twenty-eight. He was not very tall. The tremendous width of shoulders and the length of his arms made him look even shorter. The width of his mouth matched the spread of his shoulders. He was snub-nosed, freckled. His eyes were blue, as bright and disarming as the smile he gave Gus Franks and Charlie Peters as he stopped in front of them where they sat in the shade of the Post Office front.

But it was the dog, rather than the man, that caught the attention

of Charlie and Gus. He was an odd-looking dog, odd and somehow fearsome. It was easy to trace some of the strains that had gone to produce him. There was Bull Terrier in the length of his powerful jaw. There was Airedale in the wiry tan coat and the heavy bones of his legs. There was a trace of Mastiff in the cropped ears and the weight of the shoulders.

Agnes Ogilvie came out of the Post Office just as the newcomer asked, "Which way do I find the Huntington Kennels?"

He glanced up and met Agnes' level appraisal. Agnes was tall and dark, a grave and quiet young woman. She met the stranger's

gaze squarely. It was almost as if something had passed between them in that moment.

Charlie Peters, his eyes still on the big mongrel, jerked his head toward the upper end of the street. "Straight through the town and along this road. You'll see the kennels on the hill about two miles out."

Two town dogs raced across the street and sniffed around the strange mongrel. The dog paid them no heed. The only sign that he was aware of their presence was the lift of his head and the alert stillness that suddenly invested him.

The stranger took off his hat and wiped his brow with a bandanna. He kept his eyes on Agnes Ogilvie

Give a Dog a Name

By B. B. Fowler



He caught the Shepherd by the collar as the gray Alsatian came to a crouch opposite the fight.

as he said to Gus Franks, "Hot, isn't it."

Gus nodded absently, still studying the dog with narrowed lids. Tough dogs were no new thing in Andover. For the town was the center of a dog breeding district. The Huntington Kennels bred Irish Setters. On the next place Colonel Atlee Winters, millionaire dog fancier, specialized in the same breed. There were other, lesser breeders. With such high-priced stock in the kennels, most of the breeders kept other dogs—tough, scarred brutes like this mongrel who had the run of the place and kept stray dogs from approaching. But there were none quite like this stranger's dog.

the sidewalk and stiffened.

The black Shepherd stood for a second, ears pricked forward, as still as sculptured ebony, his eyes red in the sunlight, looking at the stranger across the street. Then he started to cross toward him. He walked with a sort of dainty preciseness, stiff-legged. The gray scars on shoulders and muzzle were the only relieving shades in his jet blackness; that and the redness of his eyes.

Nels stood gazing after the dog, a smile beginning to lift the sullen heaviness of his lips. He put big hands on his belt and looked from his dog to Agnes Ogilvie, the smile growing.

Charlie Peters said, "Oh, oh,"

shoulder, said something in a tone so low that none of the others caught the words. He took a few steps forward, away from his dog, leaving him standing there, his head still lifted in that alert stillness.

The Shepherd's legs seemed to shorten as his ears went back and his lips lifted away from his fangs. Without a sound he charged, head low, held a little sideways.

The stranger's dog hadn't glanced once in the direction of the Shepherd. His whole attention seemed to

**Barney called him Champ,
kennelmen a killer, until he
proved himself to be a king**

Illustrated By HAROLD VON SCHMIDT



Agnes Ogilvie came down one step from the Post Office and stopped. She watched big Nels Jensen, Colonel Winters' kennel master, brake his station wagon to a halt before Boker's feed store. Nels got out of the truck with a swing of his heavy shoulders. His black Shepherd vaulted from the seat beside him to

and watched the Shepherd. Beside him Gus Franks put his hands on his knees, his eyes growing bright. His tongue came out to lick his lips slowly.

Agnes Ogilvie glanced from the stranger's eyes to the Shepherd and back again, warningly.

The stranger glanced over his

be centered on the big gray Alsatian that was coming slowly toward them along the opposite side of the street. He whirled so swiftly that it brought Gus Franks and Charlie Peters erect with a jolt. As he whirled he leaped. He moved in a queer, twisting plunge, his body even closer to the pavement than the Shepherd's. He

hit the Shepherd low with a massive shoulder and the black dog went down, making three complete whirls in the street.

The stranger's dog went over him in a low leap. They could hear the click of his teeth as he slashed. He landed a few feet beyond the Shepherd and whirled to face him again. The Shepherd leaped up. One side of his head had a streak of red on it where the mongrel had slashed. He was turning to face the mongrel

burst of ferocious action had never happened.

Nels glared at the stranger. "Keep that killer away from me," he raged. "If I ever see him around loose there'll be a dead dog for you to pick up."

The stranger lifted one shoulder in a deprecating shrug as one side of his mouth jerked down. His eyes had the bright sheen of ice as he gazed at Nels. "That sneaking mutt of yours can maybe charge most

lift, if you'd care to ride."

The stranger removed his hat again. "Thank you. The name is Barney Reeves. I heard that there was a job there for a man who knows dogs."

Agnes nodded, her dark eyes grave and appraising. "There is," she said.

Nels stood with his hand still on the black Shepherd's collar, watching the pair of them walk across to the Ogilvie car, the mongrel trotting at their heels. He watched Barney



when that massive shoulder struck him again and knocked him a dozen feet. The mongrel passed him at an angle this time, slashing at the black throat as he went by.

Big Nels raced toward the dogs bellowing, "Grab that damned dog of yours." He caught the Shepherd by the collar just as the gray Alsatian came to a crouch opposite the fight.

The stranger didn't grab. He was smiling faintly, his eyes cold and bright. He said sharply, "*Champ!*"

The mongrel froze, facing the gray Alsatian. The Alsatian came up slowly out of his crouch, turned his head away in a sort of elaborate unconcern. The mongrel walked around behind his master and stood with his muzzle touching the man's legs. He had uttered no sound. He stood now as calmly as if the sudden

dogs from behind. But not Champ. Watch him when Champ is around."

He turned back to Charlie Peters. "You saw how it happened."

Charlie nodded, watching the gray Alsatian walk slowly away on the opposite side of the street.

Agnes Ogilvie came down the steps to the sidewalk. "My father owns the Huntington Kennels. I'm driving home now. I'll give you a

Reeves open the rear door of the sedan and the dog leap inside. He watched as the couple got into the car and drove away.

He spoke then, his voice thick and unnatural. "A killer. A cold, bloody killer."

Remembering the savage efficiency of the strange dog's smashing rush, Charlie Peters nodded. "A killer if ever I saw one," he admitted slowly.

The first dog was killed a week after Barney went to work at the Huntington Kennels. Gus Franks came out of the house in the morning to find his liver-and-white Pointer lying at the foot of the back steps. There was a trail of blood across the yard where the Pointer had dragged himself before he died.

There had been dogs killed around Andover before. But always they had met their death when they strayed onto the kennel grounds where watchers like the black Shepherd and his patrol mate, a red half-Chow patrolled. This was the first time a dog had ever been killed at his own door.

A cold knot began to tighten in Gus' chest as he stood staring at the dead Pointer. He was seeing again a tan thunderbolt charging the black

glad we had a Prince to bring you along."

Barney said nothing. Off in the distance he heard a door slam. He turned slowly away from Agnes as footsteps came around the corner of a shed to the enclosure.

Rage was hot and savage in Gus Franks' eyes as he walked stiffly beside Rod Ogilvie. He glared at Barney and his mouth worked convulsively.

Rod Ogilvie was a little gray man. Under a bush of grizzled eyebrows his eyes were as keen and bright as a terrier's. He looked at his daughter and disapproval tightened his mouth at the corners.

"Be off to the house wi' ye," he said irascibly. "Have I no told ye a dozen times that I no wish to see ye consortin' wi' the kennel help?"

"You're crazy. Champ wouldn't hurt a fly if he wasn't pushed." He looked coldly at the black Shepherd. "In town the other day you saw what happens when he is pushed. He wouldn't look at a dog that was minding his own business."

"It's darned funny that nothing like this ever happened before your bloody dog came here," Gus said hotly.

Barney's eyes moved thoughtfully and deliberately from the black Shepherd to the half-Chow and back to Gus. "I've heard tales about other dogs being killed."

Nels laughed harshly. "Sure, when they came monkeying around our kennels. My dogs stay home and mind their own business. They always have and they always will."

Rod Ogilvie spoke up impatiently,

"You bloody murderer," Rod panted as he threw up the rifle and fired.



Shepherd in the quiet street. Nels Jensen's words repeated themselves in his brain, "A killer. A cold, bloody killer."

He picked up the still warm Pointer and carried it behind the barn to bury. When he had buried it he climbed into his car and drove out toward the Huntington Kennels.

Barney Reeves was standing, gazing through the wire fence at the Irish Setter, Huntington Prince Regal. Morning sunshine shimmered on the rich coat. The dog was standing as though he recognized the open worship in Barney's eyes, a king accepting due homage, aristocratically aloof, his domed head lifted in kingly superciliousness.

Agnes Ogilvie stood beside him her dark eyes watching Barney as she said, "Generations of careful selection and breeding went to make Prince. There's not another Setter in the world like him. He is already conceded to be the best of his class in America. He will be best in the show at the Westminster."

Barney nodded. "He can't miss. He's all that I have heard about him."

He turned his head to meet her eyes. "Did you know that it was his reputation that brought me when I heard that there was a job open here?"

She met his gaze squarely. "I can believe that. You know dogs. I'm

Agnes did not move. She stood with her hands behind her, her dark eyes on her father, her deep bosom rising a little as she stood straighter.

Gus Franks turned on Barney. His voice was husky and strained. "Where's that darned killer of yours?"

Barney frowned. "If you're talking about Champ, he's no killer."

"I saw him in town the other day," Gus snapped. "I know a killer when I see one. Where is he?"

Barney whistled shrilly. Champ trotted around the corner of the shed, glanced at Barney, then lay down beside his feet, his powerful muzzle resting on his forepaws.

Rod Ogilvie's Collie, Bruce, walked a dozen feet away and lay down, his eyes on Champ.

Only Champ's eyes moved as Nels Jensen came across the field with his black Shepherd and the half-Chow at his heels.

Nels spoke to his dogs. It was odd to watch them. They split and moved outward, one on either side of Champ before they crouched. They lay, as still as dogs carved out of stone. Jensen, noting their positions, smiled crookedly.

He spoke first to Gus Franks. "What's this I hear about a killer?"

Gus jerked his head at Champ. "That killer tore the throat out of my Ranger last night."

Barney shook his head positively.

"I always knew some such thing would happen one day. Ye ken my opinion about such dogs. Raise such killers and ye'll always have trouble. 'Tis no necessary to have them around."

"I like them," Nels said defensively. "And my boss, Colonel Winters, likes them. We know that no mutts will be fooling around our kennels as long as that pair are on the job."

"'Tis blatherin' nonsense," Rod snapped. "And now ye're seein' the result of it." He looked down at Champ and then back to Barney as he said, "I told ye that I no cared to see the likes of yon dog on this place."

Barney's mouth was stubborn. "I know my dog. I trained him. He's no killer. Unless," he glanced contemptuously at the black Shepherd, "you count the killing of such bullies as killing."

"A killer is a killer," Rod said sternly. "There'll never be aught but trouble as long as such dogs are raised."

"I'm warning you, Reeves," Gus Franks put in angrily, "that I'm not taking the murder of my Ranger lying down. I still think that your dog is the killer. I'll be watching for him. If I see him running loose when I have a gun, you'll have a dead dog to bury."

Barney watched Gus stalk away
(Continued on page 36)

What America is reading



Lt. Juanita Redmond,
U. S. Army Nurse
Corps., whose book,
"I Served on Bataan",
describes her experi-
ences in the Philip-
pines.

Mr. Hansen sits in the reviewing stand as the first company of Fall books marches into view.

By Harry Hansen

NO ONE would have believed, one year ago, that Britain could lose two of her finest warships, the *Prince of Wales* and the *Repulse*, in an attack by airplanes of an inferior nation. Nor did the correspondents who sailed on the *Repulse* that fatal day in December, 1941, imagine what strange experiences were in store for them. They were O. D. Gallagher and Cecil Brown, and they were lucky to escape in a disaster in which so many brave sailors met their death. We have now Gallagher's account of it in "Action in the East", in which he tells, as informally as if sitting around a table with us, how he slid off the *Repulse* into a sea of oil and held on for dear life to the end of a cable until somebody pulled him aboard a destroyer. Many men of the *Repulse* never had a chance because they never received an order to abandon ship, as did the men of the *Prince of Wales*. They went on fighting to the last until the ship went under.

Gallagher is a South African journalist who has none of the reticence of the Englishman. He is frank, enthusiastic when he likes something, and angry when he sees inefficiency and fraud. He has plenty of opportunity to display both enthusiasm and anger. He thinks the flying of the British and American pilots in the "Flying Tigers" group was the first miracle of the war in the East. These lads used P-40s, or Tomahawks, in Burma, and accounted for many Japanese planes. They worked for the Chinese. Gallagher's description of their exploits shows what will happen in the East when the American flyers have a fair chance at their adversary. Gallagher shows why Singapore and Rangoon fell. He describes the in-

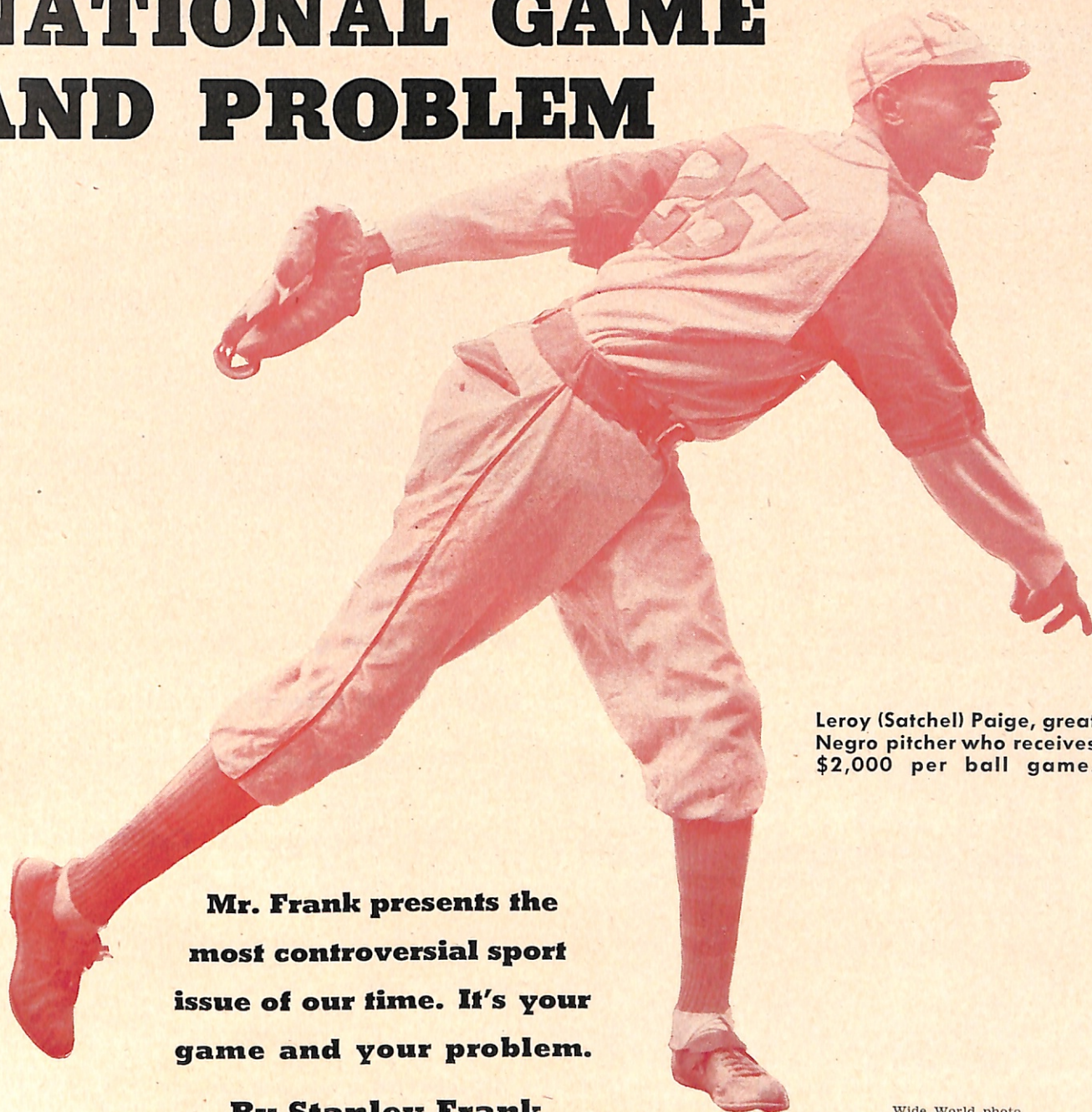
(Continued on page 38)



Photo by Marcus Blechman

William B. Ziff, author of "The Coming Battle of Germany", a plan for crippling Germany from the air.

NATIONAL GAME AND PROBLEM



Leroy (Satchel) Paige, great Negro pitcher who receives \$2,000 per ball game.

**Mr. Frank presents the
most controversial sport
issue of our time. It's your
game and your problem.**

By Stanley Frank

Wide World photo

BEFORE entering this discussion, gentlemen will please extinguish inflammable articles which may ignite the quick-burning fuse attached to the emotional time-bomb that is the subject at hand. Gentlemen also will kindly speak softly and tread lightly among the powder kegs with a perpetual itch to explode the most controversial sport issue of our time.

Briefly and bluntly, the issue is organized baseball's discrimination of the Negro. At the outset, let's not waste time in quibbling whether or not the Negro is barred from playing in the major and minor leagues. There is no law that states specifically that a colored man cannot play on a white team, but to stress this is to evade the truth.

In the last fifty years no Negro has played with, or has been given a trial

by, a professional team that engages in regular league competition. There have been occasional whispers that a few Negroes have passed as Cubans and other Latin-Americans in the big leagues in recent years, but no acknowledged Negro has been accepted in organized baseball since the 1880's, when a scattered few were seen in the National and Eastern Leagues.

When the smoldering issue erupted recently, fanned by a burst of agitation, Judge Kenesaw M. Landis ducked, for the first time in his twenty years as High Commissioner. Asked pointedly whether he would permit Negroes in the major leagues, the Judge teetered precariously on the top of the fence, then fell flat on his face through the weary safety net by saying, "There is no unwritten law keeping the Negro out of baseball."

That old chestnut brought a fast

and forthright answer from Brooklyn's Larry MacPhail. "Let's stop kidding ourselves and the public," MacPhail declared. "Anyone who winks at the unwritten barrier against the Negro in baseball is guilty of sheer hypocrisy."

Like MacPhail, deponent is not yet expressing an opinion whether such things should be in a nation fighting for a better and braver world. I am simply giving proper recognition to things as they are, an imperative necessity before anyone can attempt to offer a solution to the problem.

Yet mere recognition is not enough. This is an issue too vital to ignore and too hot to handle without asbestos gloves and a fireproof shield of realism. This is not purely a sports issue; it is an indissoluble element in the steaming cauldron of

(Continued on page 42)

The LION



and the MOUSE

Whitey is a great fighter, a big-time battler but allergic to black eyes. It's an almost disastrous ailment.

By George W. Campbell

IT SURE is a lucky thing for the U. S. Navy that me and Whitey Twiller are in the Pacific Fleet when the Japs take a bust at Pearl Harbor. When something like this happens you got to have some fellas handy who know what it means to take a pushin' around. And me and Whitey had had plenty of experience in that line. But we knew our hard luck couldn't last forever. So when our ship, the heavy cruiser *Rockland*, put to sea for a battle, I says to Whitey, "Pal, I got a feelin' that good luck is roostin' on both our shoulders."

"You're right as rain," Whitey says. "If any sailors in this Fleet is due for the breaks, it's us."

And for once none of the fellas guyed us. This was a lot different than it had been before. No matter what ship we was on some smart alex would say, "Well, just look who we got for shipmates. That big klunk, Springfield Brown, and his blind fighter, Whitey Twiller."

Now, my name ain't Springfield, it's Alfred, but since Whitey called me that I didn't mind if the fellas used it. Whitey is really clever in namin' guys, and if you was to come from Detroit he would call you Detroit. And if you was to be from St.

Louis, say, why, he'd just have to call you St. Louis. And that's why I don't get sore when I'm called Springfield, because I come from there. Illinois, I mean. But when they call Whitey a blind fighter I burn all over. The really blind guys are those fellas who can't see what a truly great one hundred and thirty-five-pounder Whitey Twiller is. I'll admit that Whitey is a little careless in gettin' his eyes blacked so's he can't see where to paste a fella, but just the same there ain't a gamer fighter in the whole U. S. Navy. And when I look over them gun barrels in our turret and see Whitey sittin' there by the pointer's sights I get the most comfortable feelin' a fella could want. I just know this Whitey won't never let me nor the U. S. Navy down in spite of what a lot of guys say.

Whitey's got a heart like a lion's and he's faster'n a game chicken, but like I say, his eyes don't stand up none too well. Now, you can pound on his jaw all day and the most you'll get for your trouble is a couple of busted hands. Armor ain't no tougher'n that guy's kisser. But them eyes of his'n. They're a fright. Just let a glove swish by 'em and they close up quicker'n a mouse trap. And

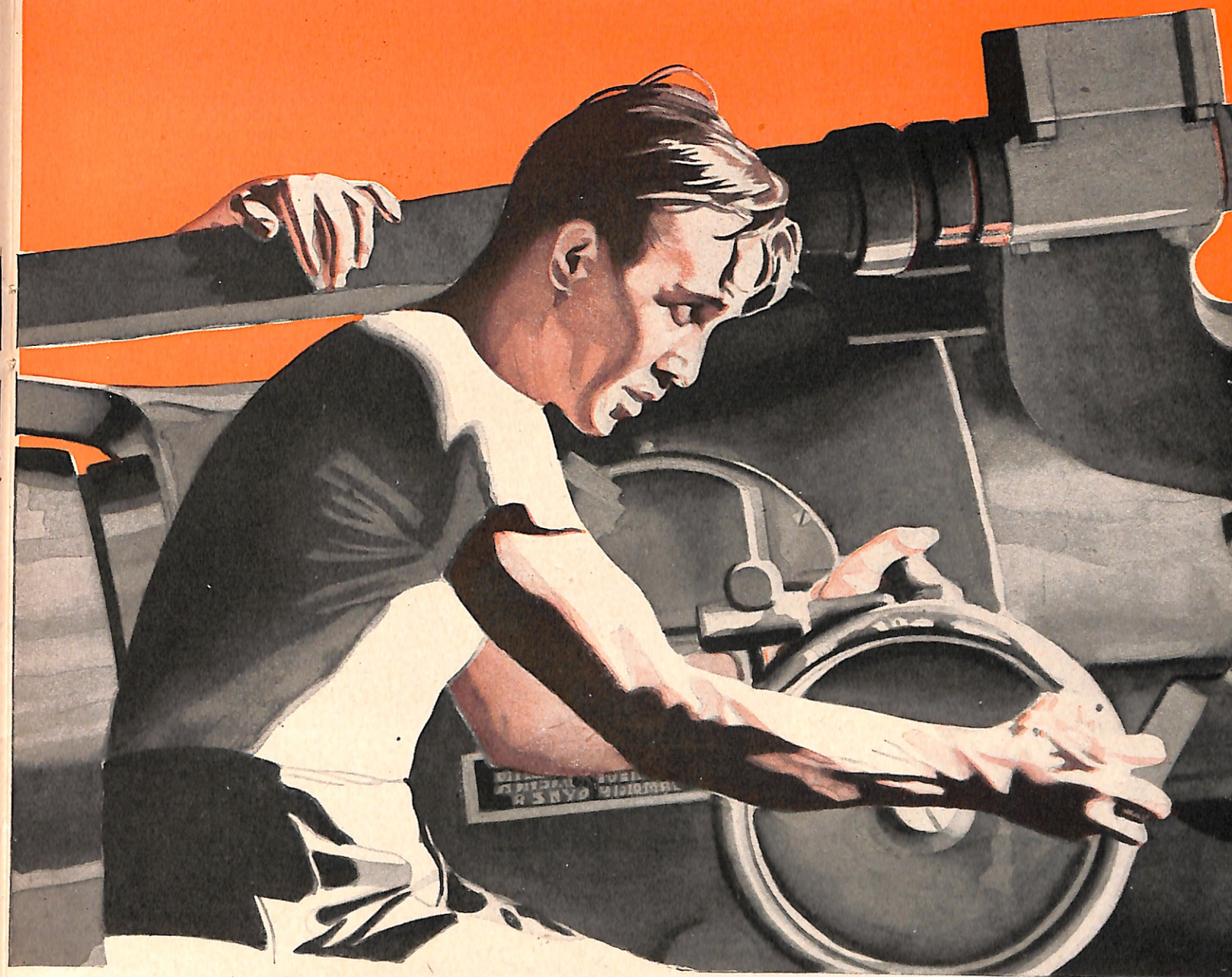
swell! You should see it happen to appreciate it.

I study this peculiarity of Whitey's a long time and it has me stumped. Then I speak to a pharmacist's mate about it, a guy who follows the fight game. We talk about it from all angles and finally I have to say, "Whitey, there's no use kiddin' ourselves. You're allergic to black eyes."

"What kind of a thing is that?" Whitey bristles. "Sayin' I'm an allergic."

Then I have to explain that it ain't his fault on account of everybody bein' made different. Some people has noses that can't stand dust and they sneeze or bleed easy. Then there's other fellas with weak stomachs that get seasick even on a calm day. Why, I knew a guy aboard the *Bainbridge*, that's a tin can, that would get sicker'n a dog right in the harbor. All you had to do was rattle the anchor chain and he was down for the count.

"So since you are built that way, Whitey," I says, "the only thing to do is keep your guard up so's no guy can hang a mouse on you. Some of them blows you been takin' on that tough kisser of yours is like ricochetin' shells. And then where are you?" I ask him. "Right back wearin'



Illustrated by JOHN HYDE PHILLIPS

crape on both eyes. You know that."

Like I say, Whitey is a lion, and they ain't another person in the U. S. Navy who can talk to Whitey like that and get away with it, but since I'm his manager and trainer Whitey just has to listen.

"O. K., Springfield," Whitey says. "I'll take care of the old kisser, but don't you say nothin' to nobody about me bein' an allergic."

That's what a swell fella Whitey is. Just no trouble at all to handle. And it's been that way ever since we were boots together at the Great Lakes Naval Trainin' Station. The first time I ever see Whitey Twiller is the night Company A, that's our outfit, put on a smoker against B Company. Whitey is on the card agin a tough Hunyock who dug coal before he joined the Navy. I could've been on the same card if I'da wanted to. But it's like I tell the fellas—I ain't a ring fighter even if I do weigh

two hundred naked. I ain't yella, you understand. It's just that I got my limitations. Now, you take a brawl where they ain't nothin' barred, and I'm as handy as the next fella, especially if I can lay my hands on a chair or a monkey wrench. Yes, sir, I always believed in finding out what you're really good at and then followin' it. In fact, I often fight me and Whitey's way out of places when we're ashore on liberty, and I never let Whitey so much as make a fist in times like that. But that's the way a good manager should handle his fighter—keep him on ice for the big time, and Whitey is really big stuff.

I think of a lot of things that's happened to me and Whitey while we sit in that turret waitin' for trouble to show up. Hour after hour we man the guns, just dyin' to sight a Jap and bust him a dirty one. It ain't as hard on me and Whitey as it is on some of the guys because we been

Whitey is really punchy now from that clip he got. I have to shout to make him understand.

through this manys the time before in our ring experience. And so while we wait to sight a Jap ship, I am truly thankful for one thing. If we have a fight, at least Whitey won't get no black eyes like he generally does. You got no idea what black eyes have done to me and Whitey's ring career. In fact, it's these everlastin' shiners that are the real cause for us bein' where we are now. And it's been that way ever since we fought the Hunyock at the Great Lakes.

Just to show you the bum breaks we've had, you take that fight, for instance. Whitey's jabbin' the Hunyock to death and so far ahead on points that even the judges lose count. And while my man is fightin' scientific, the Hunyock is whalin'

away like he's a windmill in a hurricane. Just brute stren'th, and mighty careless with it, at that. Once, the Hunyock swang one from the deck, and if it had caught Whitey clean it would have lifted him over Lake Michigan.

"Oh, oh, oh!" I says to myself when I seen it had missed. "Whitey, you nearly went to heaven that time." But I spoke too soon, for the blow in swishin' past carried enough concussion to close both of Whitey's eyes. And there he was, Whitey I mean and not that dumb Hunyock, still feintin' and jabbin' at thin air because he couldn't see. So we lose on a technicality that's a heart-breaker.

THOUGHT when we got in the East Coast Fleet that things would be different. But they ain't. Whitey's a sure cinch for the Atlantic Fleet belt except for them eyes that are allergic. I'd hate to tell you how many fights we lose because Whitey gets a shiner and can't see. And me, I never throw the towel in the ring. I wouldn't do that to a dead game guy like Whitey. Why, once down in Guantanamo Bay, Cuba, Whitey is fightin' the champ off'n the *New York* and I no sooner take Whitey's bathrobe off'n him when I see the ship's athletic officer standin' there with a towel in his hand. Then the guys on our own ship begin to holler, "One blind mice! One blind mice!" like the song. You know how it goes.

Whitey lasted this battle, but when it's over I says to him, "Pal, this is the limit. You and I are goin' some place where we are appreciated." And we did. The very next time a notice went up on the bulletin board askin' for volunteers for the Pacific Fleet I signed me and Whitey up. Of course, Whitey didn't like to take a run-out that away, but I says as long as nature and other elements are against us that we better go elsewheres. Besides, they tell me, I says to Whitey, that the belt in the Pacific Fleet has more standin'.

So that's how come we went to the *Rockland*. And I'll say another thing also. It's a pleasure to be aboard a heavy cruiser after tryin' the battle-wagons. This *Rockland* is about as sweet a ship as any fella could want. Only they don't go in much for the fight game, the ring I mean. It's gunnery, gunnery and more shootin'. But I'll have to admit, they ain't a cruiser in the world that can stand up to the *Rockland* when it comes to throwin' the steel. She's got eight-inch guns, with two of 'em to a turret. And who should be a couple of the best gun layers aboard the *Rockland* but me and Whitey. Now, I guess you don't exactly know what a gun layer is. Well, I'll explain for you.

These eight-inch guns are in pairs like I say, and in the forward part of the turret there's two mighty important guys who see to it that the guns are put on the target. The guy on the right is the fella who works a gadget that trains the turret right or

left, and the guy on the left also has a gadget that moves the guns up or down on the target. He also has a pickle, which is a button on a handwheel, that he presses to shoot the guns. Now the right-hand guy is the trainer, and the left-hand fella is the firing pointer, and that's my fighter, Whitey. So now that we got that straight, you can see that me and Whitey are important guys even if we are only first-class seamen.

Each gun also has a gun captain, and he's a guy who stands at the breech and opens and closes the gun. Then there's a whole raft of other guys who pass up the powder and shells. It don't take no brains or clever thinkin' to be a gun captain or a powder monkey or a shellman. Generally, they're just like that Hunyock Whitey fought. All brute stren'th, although if you was to hear some of the gun captains holler and carry on you'd think they was somebody.

Me and Whitey make out fine aboard the *Rockland* until we have a fight at a club in Honolulu one night before we are supposed to fire a target practice. And, as luck would have it, Whitey gets a mouse on his pointin' eye, the first shiner he's to have in the Pacific. This worries me considerable because we have a pool up for the high shootin' turret the next day. There's a lot of guys dependin' on me and Whitey to come through for 'em, so I spend all night with raw beef and poultices tryin' to get Whitey in shape to fire. But a close second is the best we can do. And that is when the division officer, Lieutenant Calloway, calls us up on the carpet and says, "Brown, I just want to tell you that each division aboard ship has to send two volunteers to the China Fleet. You and Twiller have already volunteered."

So, there me and Whitey are. Unwillin' volunteers to China, and only because Whitey is an allergic to shiners. And we'd have gone, too, but the week before the transport was to sail the Japs take the bust at Pearl Harbor. They put in a freeze on all transfers and me and Whitey stay.

"DON'T like it, Springfield," Whitey says. "I never was a hand to stick around where I ain't wanted." "Forget it," I says. "What the China Fleet lost the *Rockland* gains." And that takes us down to the time I'm sittin' in the trainer's pit and thinkin' about all the bum breaks we've had.

Five days after we start on the hunt for the Japs the word comes down from the foretop, "Sail ho!" Of course it wasn't no sail, that's just Navy slang for something in sight. The Old Man changes course and we head for the sticks that are masts on the horizon. Spray starts to come over our bow and I know that we have bent on the speed. That's another nice thing about the *Rockland*, she can sure make knots. And for about a half an hour we make our way towards the sticks that begin to get bigger and bigger.

"What's it look like to you, Spring-

field?" Whitey calls to me. Both of us are looking through our sightin' telescopes.

"A cruiser," I says. "She's not built right to be a battlewagon."

All the other guys in the turret want to know what we see, because they can't see a thing on account of me and Whitey havin' the only telescopes. So instead of me sayin', "Who's blind now?" like I should, I tell 'em that it's a cruiser out there and they better be ready to hustle the powder and shells. But I don't have to tell 'em this because the guns is already loaded and only waitin' for me and Whitey to do our stuff.

There's two ways to fire guns. One is the indirect fire method where they have a fella sittin' away up in the foretop with a gadget called a director. This director is hooked up to all the guns and all the pointer and trainer in each turret has to do is keep a couple of hands called "bugs" movin' together. When you fire that way even the pointers and trainers don't have to see the target. They just watch the bugs and keep 'em together. There's an advantage in usin' director fire that even the U. S. Navy Manual doesn't mention. And that is, if the guy runnin' the director makes a miss on the target, they can't blame us guys down in the turrets for it. Generally, they like to use director fire because it whams out the entire battery all at once't. It's like a fighter throwin' a dozen left hands at your jaw.

THE other kind of fire is the direct fire, and that's where it's up to the pointers and trainers to get on the target with their sights and then slam it home. This is the most excitin', but of course, if you miss, you are layin' yourselves wide open to criticism. Personally, me and Whitey didn't care what kind of fire the *Rockland* used just so long as we had a hand in it.

But when we begin to close in on the Jap ship, that's what it proved to be, the word come over the talker's telephone, "Director fire! Range one-six-five-double-o."

"How you doin', Springfield?" Whitey says to me without lookin' up from the bugs on the dial. "Ready for 'em?"

"Any second, pal," I says, although I did kinda taste some cotton in my mouth.

There's a nice easy roll on the ship by this time and now that the *Rockland* was risin' on the up-roll I knew the fun was about to begin. I could feel the old lady risin' gently, comin' nearer and nearer to the firin' level. I sorta held my breath, it was like waitin' for Whitey to land one after he's fainted for an openin'.

And then it come. Wham!

Twelve eight-inch shells go screamin' to that Jap ship. Back of us in the turret the gun captains open the breech plugs and I hear the air-blast singin' through the muzzles to blow out any fire and smoke that might be left. There is a clink of the shell bein' rammed home, and then the powder



monkey fellas heavin' in the bags of powder. Talk about loadin'! This was about the fastest load they'd ever done. And right with it come the sound of the breech plugs turnin' in the screw-box to close the chamber.

"Ready 1!" Jankowski, the bos'n's mate yells.

"Ready 2!" says Nelson, the other gun captain.

While this is goin' on, me and Whitey keep the bugs matched, and with that first shot gone down the range I feel a lot better. It's the waitin' that is the worst, no matter what kind of a fight you got on your hands.

There's quiet in the turret and then the sight-setter says, "Check fire. Range one-four-double-o. Set turret 1."

That shows we are still closin' the Jap cruiser. Then I hear the standby buzzers for the salvo.

"Right on!" I yells to Whitey.

"On here!" Whitey replies.

Whammo! And our second salvo is on its way.

"That was a straddle!" is the word we get. We're on, all right, we've got the range. A few more salvos like that and we'll cut 'em to pieces.

We pump out eight more salvos so quick that I says to myself, "Springfield, you better take back what you been a-thinkin' about them loadin' crews."

Just when I think this battle is all one way, I feel a terrible shock hit the ship. The Japs have our range and a salvo hits number 3 turret. I think about all them guys in number 3 and the trouble we've had. I guess they was kiddin', too.

Between the salvos, I take a quick look through my telescope and I can see that the Jap cruiser is hit bad. But all her turrets are still blastin' away, and that's more'n we can say.

Time don't mean nothin' to a fella in a scrap like this. You just keep doin' your best and hopin' to the good Lord that what you're doin' is right. "Thank God," I says, "Whitey ain't got no shiners today."

Just then I hear some shells come screamin' so near that I think we are hit. I mean my turret. When those salvos go anyways near you there is a rattle like an express train. And once more I feel a shock and then there's somethin' tumblin' down on the deck outside and on the top of the turret. The bugs stop in their tracks and the sight-setter yells, "Foretop! Foretop!"

"No answer to the foretop," the sight-setter says to the turret officer. "They must be out of commission."

"Shift to pointer fire!" commands Lieutenant Calloway.

That means it's up to me and Whitey now. No more of this keepin' two bugs matched. We gotta get on the Jap with our telescopes and pour it to him.

(Continued on page 54)

I spend all night with raw beef and poultices trying to get Whitey in shape to fire.

In the DOGHOUSE

with Ed Faust



Mr. Faust has turned researcher. The result: a history of dogs.

IN A certain big city it is traditional for one of the political parties to end each campaign the night before election with a rally at party headquarters. The year I have in mind saw a red-hot battle for the mayoralty. The incumbent running for reelection was not over-bright, but withal a sincere individual given to using

ise to return to you at the end of my term having earned your heartiest condemnation." What the poor boob meant to say was commendation. To condemn or to commend—there's a whale of a difference between the two. For example, the most sweeping commendation of the dog that I have ever read is in the Zendavesta, bible of the followers of Zoroaster, ancient Persian prophet. Here it is—"Without the help of the dog—no world." Coming from the Orient this is more than unusual. It's paradoxical.

treatment. Will Judy, dog authority, holds that this may backtrack to the time when the Egyptians numbered the dog among their many gods. The Jewish people of that time hated anything Egyptian and thus included the dog among their aversions.

I can see a lot of people who'll nod their heads in agreement with Zoroaster and I've met some few who'll gladly substitute condemnation for commendation when it comes to dogs—with no misunderstanding of either word. Between the two extremes I'll take a middle course which I hope recognizes the dog's true worth without getting fatuous about it. Yes, I'll even admit that Fido may have a fault or two. But in fairness to our friend, he should be judged strictly as a dog and certainly not measured by human standards. I've known bow-wows that were plain darned nuisances, bad-mannered, bad-tempered and just as offensive as any human yahoo. But nearly every one was the victim of an over-indulgent owner who couldn't or wouldn't take the time, or exercise sufficient discipline to train his or her pooch. I've said this before and it will bear repeating: to the dog's credit his species numbers more nobles than knaves—by far. When a dog gets in the news it's usually for a good deed but when Homo Sap makes the headlines it's for something quite opposite... nearly always.

Certainly no other animal has been more useful to the human race than the dog. He's the only one that will defend his master's life and property and will die doing this if need be. Who ever heard of a horse doing this? Or a cow or a pig? As for a rooster, he's so busy looking after his lady friends he hasn't got the time even if he were so inclined, which he isn't. In an emergency Tom or Tabby just blinks and says, "What the heck; let the boss look after himself."

Curiosity, prompted by the Zendavesta, led me to list all the ways that I could find in which dogs serve humanity and if you'll string along with me, you'll be surprised to see
(Continued on page 50)

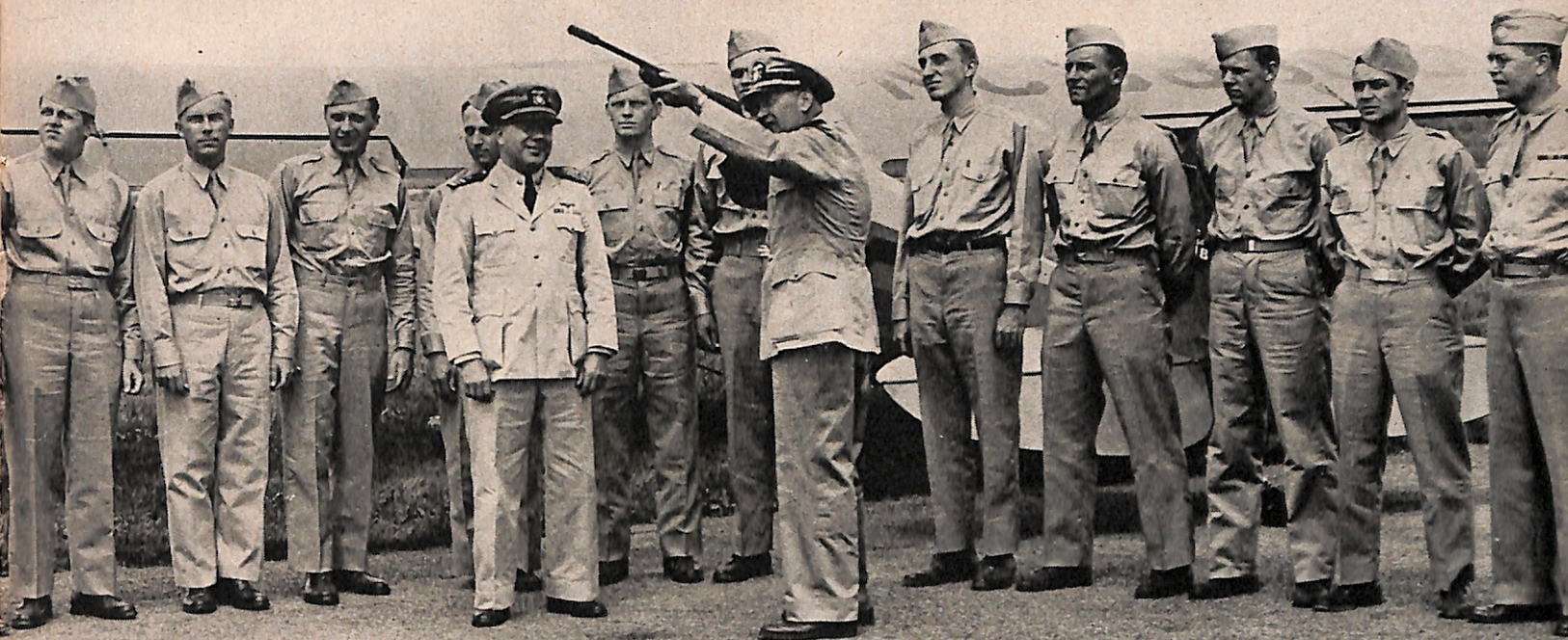


Ylla from Rapho

words that he did not always fully understand. This, of course, made him duck soup for the reporters who literally laughed him out of office. In his final speech that night he wound up with this oratorical flourish, "If I am reelected I prom-

cal. Of all places where the pooch gets pushed around the most it is in that part of the world. In the Christian countries Mister Dog gets his best breaks and yet, oddly enough, when he is mentioned in the Christian bible he gets pretty shabby

The Army and Navy "flexible gunnery" schools are doing a bang up job. Stuka and Zero pilots, please note. Axis papers, please copy. By Ray Trullinger



Red AND Gun

Lt. Commander Albert F. Rice, Senior Member, Navy Aviation Cadet Selection Board of the Third Naval District, watches Lt. Commander Frank R. Kelly demonstrate shotgun shooting to Naval Aviation Cadets.



THE shotgun has gone to war! Not exactly in the front line, but in those all-important rear areas where the Nation's youth is learning to fight and fly the planes which eventually will

bring victory to the United Nations.

Somewhat belatedly it has been discovered that the principles of smacking a speeding quacker from a duck blind, or a Jap-cluttered plane from a gunner's turret are identical, except that different tools are employed for both delightful pastimes.

Flying skill doesn't mean a thing unless the gunner or pilot understands the fundamentals of wing-shooting, which necessitate shooting

ahead of a moving target. Without that savvy the flier is only 50 percent efficient in aerial combat, and a prospective dead pigeon. Considering what it costs to train a combat flier, he's likely to be a most expensive dead pigeon.

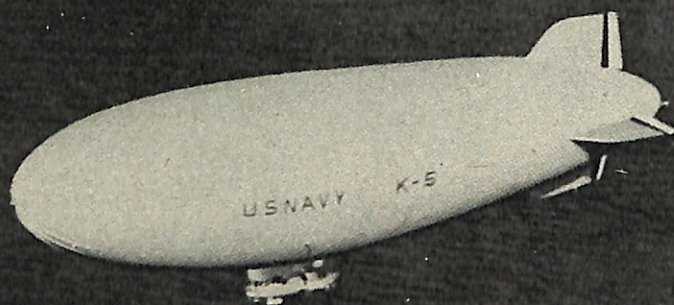
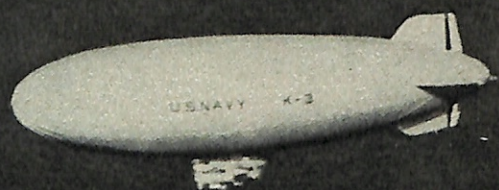
Today our flying personnel gets a thorough training in wingshooting technique before progressing to machine guns and towed sleeve targets, and that's where the 12-gauge scattergun enters the picture. Student pilots and gunners are burning up mountains of shotgun shells throughout the country these days at Army and Navy "flexible gunnery" schools, and these powder-burning courses are developing aerial wingshots who average up to 80 percent on skeet and 16-yard trap targets after the 400-round shotgun training period is completed.

This clay target gunnery course

usually begins with easy, straight-away trapshooting from a five-yard rise, after which students step back to the regulation 16-yard marker. Each aspiring flier fires 100 or more shots over this layout, always under the watchful eyes of topflight clay target shots. Each man is coached individually; shooting errors are explained and corrected.

From there the training progresses to skeet shooting, where the student learns more about angles, lead and swing, coordination and timing. Most Army and Navy gunnery instructors start this course with single targets all the way around, with that No. 8 peg snapshot eliminated. Later, regulation skeet—except that students get an instantaneous instead of a delayed pull—is shot.

That our budding pilots and gunners are getting the finest available
(Continued on page 48)



BOOM

**The efficacy of the blimp is demonstrated
day after day by the United States
Navy in its fight on submarines**

IT WAS a good story. The Australian correspondent's ship had staggered through a battering Pacific gale, zig-zagging far off her course to avoid raiders and submarines. At last she had made Panama, sailed through the big ditch from East to West, safely crossed the Caribbean. Now only two days and nights stood between her and her destination. Her passengers, intimate friends after an interminably long five weeks of ship-board life, walked the sun-brightened promenade deck and planned extensive engagements ashore, which, according to tradition, they would not keep. Reassured by occasional glimpses of the friendly American coast, they would go down to their cabins and toss stray clothes into suitcases. But up on the bridge the captain was not reassured; he took catnaps during the day and stood watch all night.

It came when it often comes, during those long, marrow-chilling moments at sea before the warm sun breaks the vast horizon of cold, gray water. The Australian correspondent tumbled out of his bunk at the clang of the submarine alarm, pulled a trench coat and life preserver over his pajamas and made for the deck gun, a post for which he had volunteered, having once served with Anzac artillery. Sleepily stumbling aft he stopped and grabbed a stanchion as a deckhand yelled, "Watch it! Here she comes!" The Aussie held his breath and stared at the white wake racing toward the starboard side. But the alert captain had quickly swung his ship just far enough to port; the torpedo struck the ship's tapering bow and caromed off! The deckhand cheered, a strange, gargled

cheer, and the Australian, all sleep now shocked from his brain, scrambled aft, climbed the iron-runged ladder to the poop, stepped off on the deck and suddenly found himself flying through the air, an ear-splitting explosion reverberating through his head; steel plates buckled with a rending sound, iron bitts flew about like clay pigeons; a second torpedo sent scudding after the first had struck the vessel and had not bounced. The explosion that shattered the chill, gray air spun the Australian over the rail to the deck below. He picked himself up, badly jarred but luckily with no bones broken. The pungent smell of powder and burning wood assailed his nostrils; wreckage was strewn about him. The ship was already listing dangerously toward the gaping hole in her starboard side and the Aussie saw that two of the precious lifeboats were smashed. He realized ruefully that his new portable typewriter, sitting sadly in a cabin near the ship's jagged wound, would have to be abandoned.

The lifeboat ride ashore was a day and a night long. It was brightened by the courage, self-sacrifice and good cheer of the survivors. Toward the end of the second day, a patrol plane hummed into sight, swooped low and radioed for a Coast Guard boat that subsequently appeared and took the torpedoed victims in tow. The Aussie, rising above his misery, was busily taking notes of all this "good copy" when a big silver blimp casually passed overhead soaring out

to sea. Looking up, the correspondent remarked rather scornfully, "Gor' strike me—they've had to call on their barrage balloons!"

A few days later, dressed in a cuffless "victory suit" and seated before a new portable, the journalist from Down Under tapped out "Torpedo!" the story of his experience. Its reception was only lukewarm; the story had happened so many times that it had become prosaic.

That the Aussie's eye-witness story of a torpedoing had become prosaic was ominous; that the journalist had contemptuously dismissed the blimp was also significant. For many Americans—in fact, about 130,000,000 Americans—have been contemptuously dismissing blimps for years. Yet it is that blimp above all else that is throwing a bright ray of hope into a very black seaboard picture. Moreover, the blimp's remarkably efficient performance may be a wedge to be followed up by the much maligned dirigibles, huge lighter-than-air craft that can cruise for thousands of miles with their own squadron of planes nestled reassuringly in their big bellies. But lighter-than-air craft won't collapse when peace comes, for their patrol work along our extended coast lines can easily be in-

The only break in the exhausting monotony as eyes strain for long black shadows may be the hot meals served from the miniature galley.

in BLIMPS

By Philip Harkins

ALL ILLUSTRATIONS "OFFICIAL U. S. NAVY PHOTOGRAPHS"



corporated into the Coast Guard's peacetime duties.

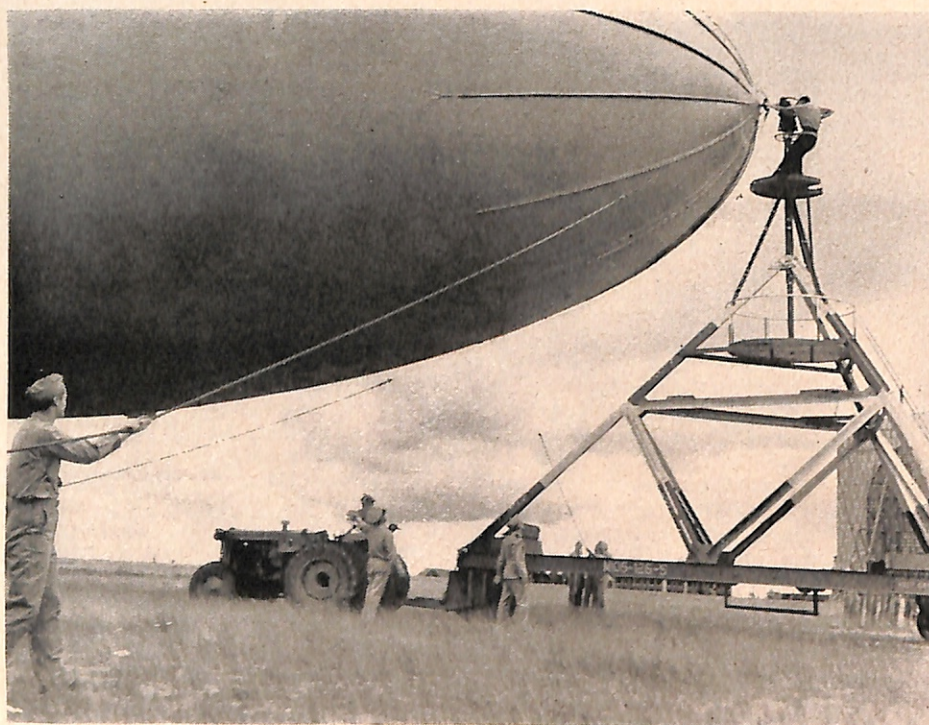
This story naturally centers at Lakehurst, the red-hot headquarters of blimp activity in the United States, a sandy bald spot on the pine-scrubbed head of coastal New Jersey. Just a few years ago Lakehurst was a big field with an enormous hangar, out of which sneaked a few blimps with inferiority complexes, to be sneered at, even shot at. (For some

lighter-than-air craft pilots. Hectic activities at Lakehurst and at five other big airship bases testify to the comeback of the blimp but that small group of die-hard enthusiasts that hung on through years of heartbreaks is too busy now to sit back and bask in the full, warming glow of vindication.

Today you'll find Lakehurst well guarded by Marines with trigger fingers itching for strangers who would

blimp out over the pines toward what has become the graveyard of Atlantic shipping.

The penetrating chill of the early morning air will be dissipated by hot coffee and doughnuts cooked on the tiny electric stove in the galley. Airship appetites on Atlantic patrol are notoriously ravenous; this is just a pre-breakfast snack. Now take a look around. Up forward behind a sliding door is the control room. Here the first and second pilots keep trained eyes on the complicated machinery. An airship is a delicate thing to handle. For instance, as we soar out to the coast the bright, red sun warms the cool air that has risen off the damp Jersey ground and this warmed air expands the helium in the bag, carrying the blimp higher. The pilot controls this upward surge by "valving" gas, letting a little helium escape through a vent. To make these delicate adjustments the big blimp is filled only three-quarters full of gas,



Left: The present day mooring mast is a steel tripod on six rubber wheels towed by a tractor.

Right: The student pilot lowers his ship to the landing crew whose chief waves a white flag.

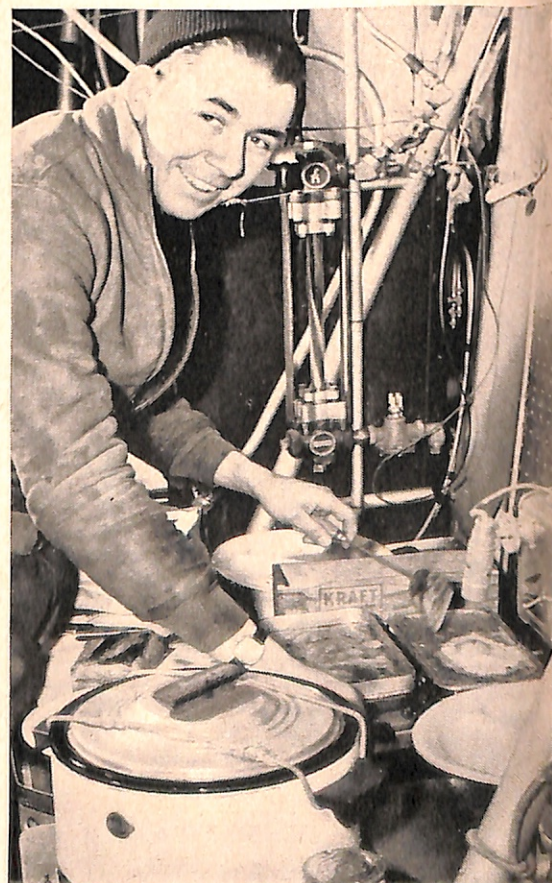
Below: Everything from soup to steaks is cooked in this compact galley—obviously, no mean feat.

reason people, probably frustrated hunters, like to take pot shots at these big, fat targets. On landing, pilots have found as many as fourteen bullet holes in the ship's fabric, holes which are like mosquito bites to an elephant.) In the summer, bathers lolling on the Jersey beaches would glance at a blimp, mutter, "Boy! What a dive bomber couldn't do to that!" and roll over, turning sunburned backs on these persecuted airships. But the past summer (1942) things were quite different. As they picked their way between big blobs of oil washed ashore from torpedoed tankers, those bathers no longer looked skyward and sneered, for their ignorance of the airship's usefulness had been quickly dispelled by the blimp's performance in a grave emergency, so successful a performance that the Navy was able to announce a while back that no ship under blimp convoy had been sunk by a sub.

Every day, seven miles inland from oil-smeared beaches, a sizable airship fleet soars into the air while companies of brisk, young airship cadets turn out in the chilly, misty dawn for the training which in six months will make them qualified

poke their noses about hangars, but there will be no objections to your capping your vicarious two-hour trip from Jersey City with a safe hypothetical voyage aboard a blimp. You are being spared an uninspiring train trip and several basketfuls of red tape.

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The listening devices of a lurking sub would be attuned to the motors of the freighter that are sending vibrating waves through the water. But they're not tuned in on the blimp's motors and if the sub comes

mile off the starboard bow, has come an orange crate, bobbing gently along in the calm water. What's wrong with this picture? The orange crate is moving against the current! Sharp commands ring out in the control car, the twin engines turn up to top speed. The orange crate suddenly gets a ducking as the periscope hidden cleverly beneath it is hastily withdrawn in a crash dive. Too late has the U-boat captain barked his



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(Continued on page 52)

corporated into the Coast Guard's peacetime duties.

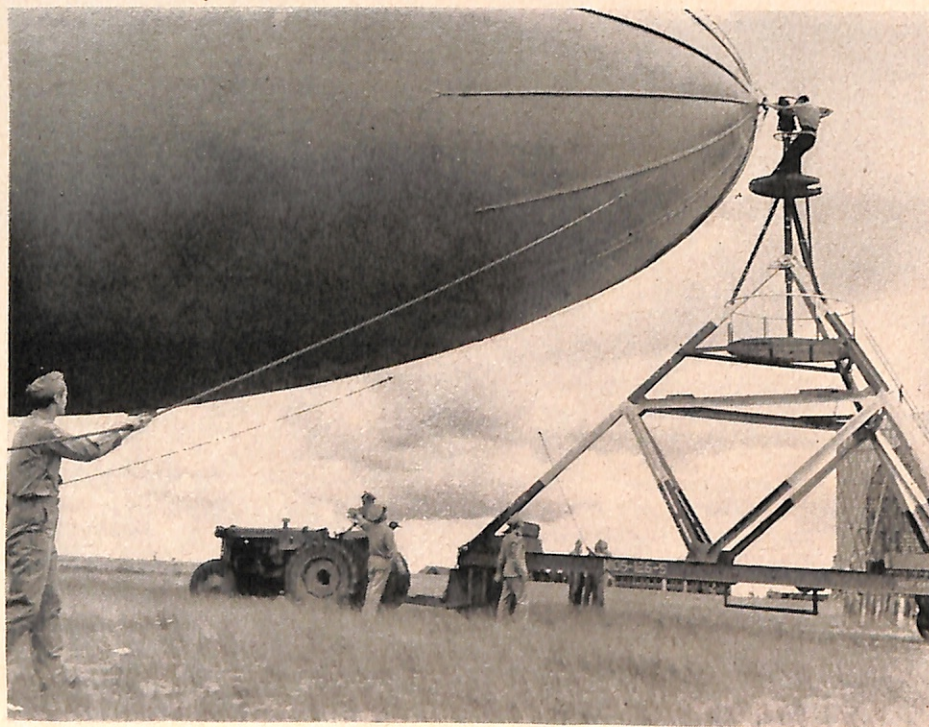
This story naturally centers at Lakehurst, the red-hot headquarters of blimp activity in the United States, a sandy bald spot on the pine-scrubbed head of coastal New Jersey. Just a few years ago Lakehurst was a big field with an enormous hangar, out of which sneaked a few blimps with inferiority complexes, to be sneered at, even shot at. (For some

lighter-than-air craft pilots. Hectic activities at Lakehurst and at five other big airship bases testify to the comeback of the blimp but that small group of die-hard enthusiasts that hung on through years of heartbreaks is too busy now to sit back and bask in the full, warming glow of vindication.

Today you'll find Lakehurst well guarded by Marines with trigger fingers itching for strangers who would

blimp out over the pines toward what has become the graveyard of Atlantic shipping.

The penetrating chill of the early morning air will be dissipated by hot coffee and doughnuts cooked on the tiny electric stove in the galley. Airship appetites on Atlantic patrol are notoriously ravenous; this is just a pre-breakfast snack. Now take a look around. Up forward behind a sliding door is the control room. Here the first and second pilots keep trained eyes on the complicated machinery. An airship is a delicate thing to handle. For instance, as we soar out to the coast the bright, red sun warms the cool air that has risen off the damp Jersey ground and this warmed air expands the helium in the bag, carrying the blimp higher. The pilot controls this upward surge by "valving" gas, letting a little helium escape through a vent. To make these delicate adjustments the big blimp is filled only three-quarters full of gas,



Left: The present day mooring mast is a steel tripod on six rubber wheels towed by a tractor.

Right: The student pilot lowers his ship to the landing crew whose chief waves a white flag.

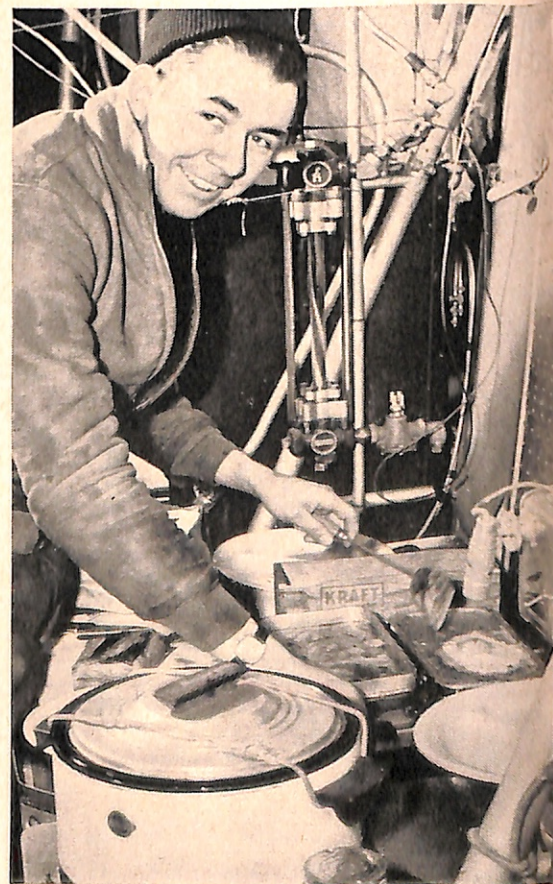
Below: Everything from soup to steaks is cooked in this compact galley—obviously, no mean feat.

reason people, probably frustrated hunters, like to take pot shots at these big, fat targets. On landing, pilots have found as many as fourteen bullet holes in the ship's fabric, holes which are like mosquito bites to an elephant.) In the summer, bathers lolling on the Jersey beaches would glance at a blimp, mutter, "Boy! What a dive bomber couldn't do to that!" and roll over, turning sunburned backs on these persecuted airships. But the past summer (1942) things were quite different. As they picked their way between big blobs of oil washed ashore from torpedoed tankers, those bathers no longer looked skyward and sneered, for their ignorance of the airship's usefulness had been quickly dispelled by the blimp's performance in a grave emergency, so successful a performance that the Navy was able to announce a while back that no ship under blimp convoy had been sunk by a sub.

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(Continued on page 52)

Edmund was a shadowy figure to Miss Carolin. Later he assumed more substance

by Thomas Walsh



his grin much. "They ever get the new fire station finished?"

"Why," she said, very wide-eyed, "why, yes. Who told—"

Connerty hung the Panama on his index finger and informed her that wasn't anything. Just elementary stuff. The name—he'd say the name would be Elizabeth Ann Statler. And her occupation—just a minute now and he'd get that—would have something to do with the Oakdale Gift Shoppe. Stationery. Candy. Books. She'd been twenty-three last May. She was single—though, personally, he couldn't see why.

"Hello," she said, her eyes brighter than they had been, "hello, Mr. William Connerty. That's your name, isn't it? Let me see now—I'm psychic occasionally myself. You have that apartment over there, next to Aunt Agnes. You play your radio late at night—the nights you're home. You like Aunt Agnes' apple pie and you think her beef stew is—"

"Miss Houdini," Connerty put in, settling himself on the window seat. "What do I get away with? Nothing." He had black hair and quizzical black eyebrows which he raised now. "No secrets at all. Oakdale, Iowa, got me down pat."

"I think Aunt Agnes has," Elizabeth Ann Statler said, with the slightest change of color. "She mentions you in every letter. Did you know that? She seems to think you're very nice, if you are a policeman—plainclothes or whatever you call it. It's so comfortable to have you next door that I don't believe she minds your radio."

"She loves it," Connerty said, and looked over at the door of 2E, where a card in fine script spelled out Miss Agnes M. Carolin. "Isn't she home?"

It seemed that she wasn't. Elizabeth Ann Statler had been sitting here, waiting for her, since three that afternoon; she hadn't written about her visit because she had wanted it to be a surprise.

"But that's always foolish, isn't it? Now I don't know what to do." She had an attractive way of glancing at Connerty—sideways, the corners of her eyes crinkled up, brightness simmering deep inside them. "I thought she might be away—I'd begun to worry about that."

SHE was a good deal prettier than the framed photo in Miss Carolin's apartment had showed her to be, though Connerty had always thought that was as nice as any girl's picture he'd ever come across. Perched on a window sill in the second floor corridor of the Amberton Arms, with a big gray traveling bag on the floor beside her, and a wide-brimmed straw hat upside down in her lap, she looked at Connerty—as he came upstairs about six o'clock that July evening—in exactly the way she had looked at him before, out of the picture.

That was why he knew her at once. Her hair was a bit brighter than the camera showed it, and the late afternoon light behind her gave its edges a soft luster. She had long slim legs drawn up under her, and she was wearing a white dress and

a tiny white jacket with rounded sides. They regarded each other for the conventional moment, Connerty from the top step, lean and cool looking in his new gray flannels and a snap brim Panama; then she turned her head toward the street, and made a good job of pretending that she did not know he never took his eyes away from her.

"Hello," Connerty said then, using the one-sided grin that curled perpendicularly into his right cheek. "Hello, there. How's Iowa?"

It set her back, of course. She glanced round at him quickly, a bit flushed. "Iowa?" she repeated, in a voice which Connerty liked very much—fresh and young, with only a small touch of uncertainty in it. "Oh! But how did you—"

"Oakdale, Iowa," Connerty added, standing over her and not changing

"She's not," Connerty said. He knew that because he'd seen Miss Carolin this morning—given her a lift downtown, as a matter of fact. She'd taken a sail down the bay on one of those excursion boats; she ought to be back sometime around seven.

"Seven," Elizabeth Ann Statler said, and looked at her watch. "Oh, dear—that's an hour yet. And I hoped I could wash up soon; I'm just covered with train dust. Look at me. I'm a fright."

"Not entirely," Connerty said, affecting judiciousness. "I'm a great little fixer, anyway. You sit here half a minute now."

With a nice air of mystery he unlocked his apartment door, left it slightly ajar, and crossed his one room combination of all necessities in four or five strides. There was a fire-escape outside, running left to the windows of Miss Carolin's living room. He got out on that, went along it, and found her windows half open. Then with a palm on her sill, and one leg half over it, he stopped dead.

The room inside was one he'd seen often—small, cosy, pleasant. It was bathed in sunlight now, but the secretary desk was gone, and the blue Chinese rug was gone too; inside he saw only shiny floorboards,

and cheerful flowered wallpaper with lighter spots marking where Miss Carolin's pictures had hung this morning. Nothing else. For a moment he stared at that empty room. "Well," he said, not very loudly.

He eased himself into the room, not being as careful of his flannels as he would have been most times. The bedrooms, the kitchenette, the black and white tiled bath—they were all empty, too. He walked through them, his footsteps making a funny, hollow sound against the walls. On the stove in the kitchen someone had set out a half empty bottle of milk and a woozy oblong of butter. Left of those things a refrigerator door hung open on barren wire shelves.

"Well," Connerty said again, softer that time. He pushed the Panama back on his head and lit a cigarette; then he remembered the girl outside and crossed the living room and opened the hall door. She gave him a very bright smile; she picked up her bag, started in, and stopped in the doorway as suddenly as he'd stopped on the fire-escape.

"Surprise," Connerty said, his voice light with an effort. "Looks like your aunt moved out. I wouldn't know why."

She put down her bag, and walked

into the other rooms, as he'd done; she came back looking bewildered. He gave her the usual Connerty grin, but inside him he felt a thing he would never have admitted: he felt hurt. In the three months since he'd lived there Miss Carolin and Connerty had become good friends, in a way that was possible only because she was forty years older than Connerty's twenty-seven. Once a week she'd had him in to dinner, and afterwards he took her to the movies, and bought her a soda on the way home. He'd thought of her, affectionately, as a swell old girl. Kind of lonely, though. She had a niece named Elizabeth Ann Statler in Oakdale, Iowa, and she talked of her often—as if she had no one else to talk about. A small woman, stout and vigorous. No nonsense about her. Kid her, and she'd kid back. She always had some kind of answer. She liked him. He knew that. So why—

The niece was watching him, her eyes troubled.

"I'd better go to a hotel," she said. "I—I can get a cab downstairs. If Aunt Agnes—is there any way I can find out where she moved to?"

"There might be," Connerty told her, rather shortly, because the sense of hurt was still in him. The old

The SHADOWY MAN

She looked at Connerty
as he came up the stairs.



girl had lied to him this morning about the excursion. That was silly. That was— "Wait here. I'll be back."

He went downstairs, to the superintendent's apartment in the basement. Five minutes later he came up again. His expression was thoughtful, and he talked slowly as if he were putting things together in his mind while he spoke to the girl.

"The van came around at ten o'clock this morning," he said. "Wilson's—that's a good company. There was a big fat woman with them who said she was a nurse; she had a note from your aunt, and a check for the two months' rent still due on her lease. The note said she was sick, and was going to a rest home in the country for two months.

Her stuff was to be put in storage. Here's the note."

Elizabeth Ann Statler glanced through it quickly. Then, her eyes shadowed by something, she looked up at Connerty.

"I should have known," she said. "That's the kind of person she is. She wouldn't say anything to me if she were sick—not to anyone. She'd just—" She broke off abruptly.

Connerty said in a quiet way, "I don't think she was sick this morning—not when I took her downtown. She had a lunchbox with her, understand; I know that, because she opened it up and gave me a chicken sandwich. That was a little before nine. So in an hour she gets sick, gets herself a nurse, gets herself examined, goes off to a rest home in the country and decides to put her

Then the dog under them, forgotten by both, yelped in agony.



stuff in storage. You think that's logical?"

"Why—"

He pointed to the note she was holding.

"I've been thinking this—that maybe she didn't write that note at all. You know her writing. What would you say?"

The girl opened it up again, not quite steadily.

"It looks—" She paused a moment. "There's one queer thing about it. It's signed Agnes Carolin. And she always used Agnes M. Carolin. But—but I think she wrote this."

"Do you?" Connerty sounded rather grim. "I'm beginning to think she didn't. I'd say—"

The bell made a good deal of noise there; Connerty answered it. A boy in knee pants held out a package to him.

"One seventy-five," the boy said. "From Miller's Studio, mister."

It was a picture; Connerty could feel the frame through the thin paper. He gave the boy two dollars and closed the door.

"I guess this is yours," he said. "She was talking about getting a new frame for it. Last night she—"

The paper came apart under his finger. Instead of Elizabeth Ann Statler, he found himself looking at the picture of a man in his sixties, with large, sad eyes and thick silver hair. There was an inscription on the lower right-hand corner, every letter beautifully printed out in white ink. To My Dear Lady, the inscription read. It was signed Edmund.

"Know him?" Connerty asked. When the girl looked at it, and shook her head, he stared down at it, frowning, for a minute or two. He didn't know it, either—not surely. But say that hair had been black instead of silver. Say there was a moustache, black too. Thin out the cheeks a bit. Take the sadness out of the eyes. Then— Then what?

once. McGinnis will spot him, if anyone could.

"Okay," he said, very cheerfully, wrapping the picture up again. "Let's take a little ride, Elizabeth Ann Statler. Air wouldn't hurt you a bit. Don't tell me you're getting worried about this now?"

"Yes," she said, with a very small, tight smile. "Yes. I'm afraid I am."

Connerty was too; but of course he never admitted it. He turned on the radio in his coupe, and he talked a lot, and after a while, somehow or other, he was just holding her hand in his free one and not saying anything at all. That shadowy face wouldn't let him alone. He'd seen it somewhere—another picture, and he hadn't liked it then. But McGinnis would know. McGinnis—

A cold thought struck him then. Suppose, it said, McGinnis isn't home?

IT WAS a lovely day on the water; they couldn't have picked a nicer one. The bay was all silver and blue and green, marked off by long, dazzling white strips of beach, and there was a steady, not too strong breeze, and Edmund looked very nice really, Miss Carolin thought, in white flannels and a blue coat, and a hard straw hat with a colored band around it.

It was a week day, so the excursion boat wasn't too crowded. She sat with Edmund under an awning on the top deck, and he read aloud to her, in his grave voice, from the anthology of poetry he'd brought along. He read very beautifully, too. Sometimes, between poems, they just sat there and looked out at the small sails moving about the bay, at a smoke smudge drawn out low across the sky, far out to sea. It was sunny and cool and peaceful; at noon they ate chicken sandwiches and olives and fruit, and Edmund had a big piece of the chocolate cake she'd made yesterday.

Miss Carolin thought Edmund was

and he'd sat next to her, and smiled very gently at her—almost timidly—when she happened to look at him. But Miss Carolin wasn't the kind of woman she had only one word for—silly!—and she did not think about him after the game was over. But the next week he sat by her again; and after that what had been Monday night and bingo became, as if inevitably, Monday night and bingo and Mr. Edmund DeHaven Bartlett.

He was a very quiet sort of man, diffident and unpushing, and not in any way the kind of person Miss Carolin could have brought herself to snub. It wasn't until the fourth week that he walked home with her, though after that, of course, it became a customary thing. By that time they had found they were alike in a good many ways. They both saved the Sunday poetry section in the papers, and they had read a good many of the same books. Things like that came out bit by bit. Edmund didn't have to tell her how lonely he was; there was always that air of quiet wistfulness about him. He was retired now; he lived in the northwest part of town, the nicest part. And he expressed a thought she had felt once or twice—that loneliness was a bond between people; that when you met someone who knew what loneliness meant, why then, somehow, it seemed as if you'd known that person all your life.

Of course, Miss Carolin told him things about herself too, walking home Monday nights after the stores were closed, and the shadows along the street were thicker than she liked. By that time Edmund DeHaven Bartlett had told her of his real estate work, and of the invalid sister he took care of, and of the sense of something he had always wanted, and never found, in life. Yes. Miss Carolin knew how that felt, although she did not exactly admit it. She just spoke of the years she spent teaching in Public School No. 70, and of her niece in Oakdale, Iowa, who was the only close relative she had.

When June came, and the concerts in the park began, they would meet at the east gate Sunday nights and walk over to the Mall together. She never told Esther Biggs or Janet Smallwood about him; they were her closest friends, but she knew what they'd have thought of this, and she wouldn't want them to imagine—things. She wasn't a silly woman. She had felt queer, half ashamed, when he gave her his picture with the inscription on it; but in the end, because it was such a nice picture, she had sent it around to Miller's to have it framed.

He was a thoughtful man. He suggested a sail on the bay one Monday night, when, he said, she looked a bit pale and drawn; that was the night he gave her the book of Browning's poems, and had her write on the fly-leaf, in back, a little thing he'd come across somewhere—a lovely sonnet.

(Continued on page 44)



It went that far, becoming someone shadowy, someone almost but not quite real, before it stopped. McGinnis, he thought, almost at

the nicest man she'd known, even though she'd met him only two months before, when she'd gone to the bingo game on Fulton Avenue

Editorial

On the March

TO ONE who has attended Grand Lodge Conventions for more than thirty years, the Omaha session was of special significance. As was to be expected at a national gathering of a great patriotic Order, such as the Elks, during a time of great peril to the country, the Grand Lodge Meeting was largely devoted to the war and to furthering those things which give promise of assisting the Government in its effort to win over the forces which have as their object the destruction of our form of government and the enslavement of our people. In this the Omaha Convention was without parallel, exceeding even the sessions during the first World War, which live in our memory as demonstrating in a practical manner the intense patriotism which then as well as now permeates our ranks.

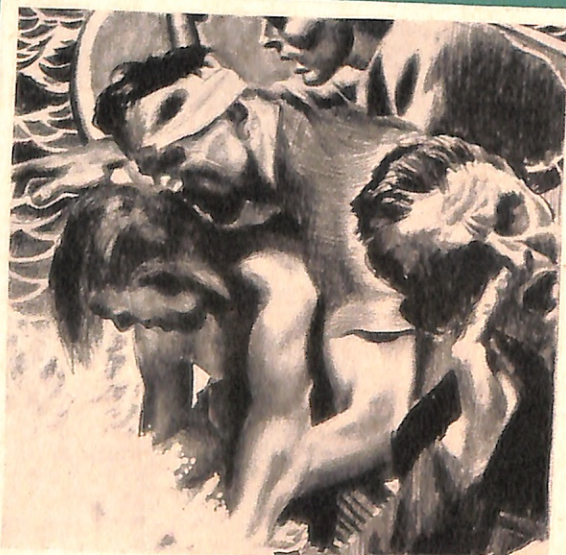
Those not privileged to be present at Omaha should not fail carefully to read the reports as published in the August and September issues of this Magazine, but cold type cannot convey to the reader the spirit of the meeting, regardless of how carefully and thoughtfully the language may be chosen. To say that patriotic sentiment permeated every meeting held and every action taken leaves unsaid that indefinable some-

thing which marks the difference between actual experience and mere recitation. We regret that every member of the Order was not present to enjoy this most thrilling session, and to carry away the inspiration which others, more fortunate, are privileged to hold dear to their hearts as an ever-present and lasting memory.

Our Order of more than five hundred thousand loyal Americans is on the march keeping step with the thousands of our boys in the service, giving them such support as in the circumstances is possible, and praying to God for their protection and their safe return after victory crowns their efforts in supporting and defending all that we and they hold dear.

Again We Protest

IT HAS been our custom to decry the modern tendency to destroy the cherished childhood stories which added enjoyment and spice to our tender years. It seems heartless to challenge the accuracy of those things we learned in childhood and which we have since believed and cherished, but the assault continues from time to time with impunity. The most recent is to be found in an official publication known as the Congressional Record which carries the expressions of Senators and Congressmen to an eager and awaiting world. In this publication it is solemnly recorded that the story of Captain John Smith's rescue from the threatening bludgeon of the Indian Chief Powhatan by the beautiful Indian maiden Pocahontas is all a fairy tale, so we are asked to accept the new version as the gospel truth and put Captain Smith and his lady love out of our minds forever. Not so, however, with us, regardless of the high authority on which this apocryphal version comes. Had it been published in a less famous journal we would not have believed it and, to be perfectly frank about it, we don't believe it anyway, and we would not believe it even if we knew it to be true. That expresses our feeling in the matter.



It is now stated that the story is correct except that it was not Captain Smith at all but a Spaniard named Juan Ortiz who was rescued by an Indian maid whose name was Ulela and not Pocahontas. For well over one hundred years we have accepted the love story out of the Virginia forest primeval of Captain John Smith and Pocahontas, the lovely Indian princess and we don't intend to have it transferred at this late date to Ortiz and Ulela, neither of whom is known to painting, sculpture, poetry or song. At least we will not permit this to be done without raising our voice in solemn protest.

Sic Semper Tyranus

WHEN Hitler dispatched his band of saboteurs to our shores he failed to reckon with the American way of handling such situations. They were promptly apprehended, tried, executed and forgotten. No hostages were shot. There was no fanfare, no parade of public concern. It was promptly done, and done in the American way, and the perpetrators were soon forgotten. Their dastardly attempt lives only in memory; the individuals are silenced forever.

The press is to be congratulated that the attempt was characterized as dastardly and that there was but little editorial comment. The saboteurs were treated as criminals and are left to their ignoble fate. That is the way we do it in a democracy. If Hitler anticipated a different outcome he was disappointed. There are other disappointments in store for him before democracy has its final reckoning with the totalitarian powers.

United We Stand

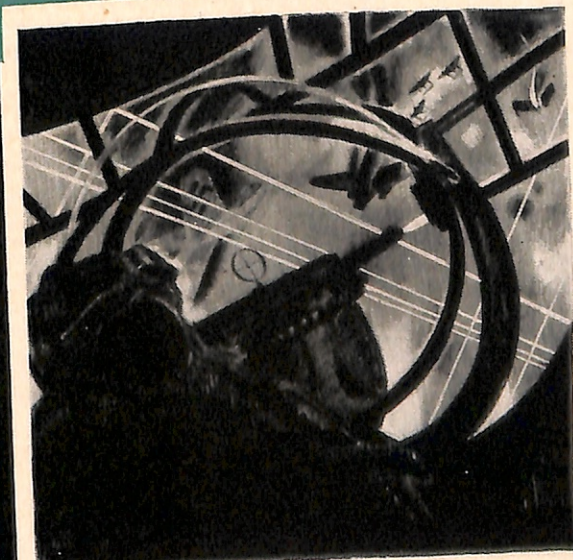
OUR Order is now prepared for another year of fraternal and patriotic accomplishment. The Grand Exalted Ruler has selected his Committees and he has

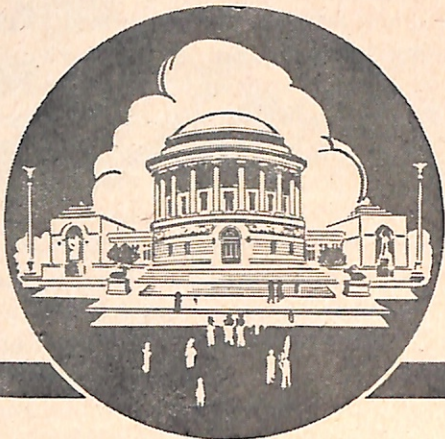
called and held inspirational meetings of his District Deputies. The work is now before us and the members have their duties to perform in upholding that which is outlined by the Grand Exalted Ruler and in assisting his Committees in carrying on their work to the end that another year of useful endeavor may be set down to the credit of our Order. There is no doubt as to the result, for all are ready, willing and anxious to do their full duty, and this spirit of cooperation never has failed and will not fail in this trying year. We have leadership of which we are all justly proud. We have pride in what we have accomplished and are bound in a sacred oath taken at the altar to go forward to the accomplishment of the aim of a great Fraternity. This year, as never before, this means the assistance of our Government in the herculean task which it has undertaken. There will be no slackers among us, but united we stand for the glory of our country and of our Order. One way in which we can show the faith which is ours is to buy war stamps and bonds. This is not giving; it is a loan to our Government which will be returned with interest just as surely as our Government survives. A better security is not obtainable.

Write Only Cheerful Letters

THE London War Office has found it necessary, or at least has deemed it advisable, to send notice to the mothers, wives, sisters and sweethearts of soldiers and other men in the service of their country not to write them letters tending to discourage them in any way or cause them uneasiness about affairs at home. The notice was in fact pointed in many respects and of a strictly personal nature dealing with, among other things, the conduct of wives and sweethearts who are prone to wander during the absence of those to whom they should be loyal. We have urged the writing of cheerful letters to our boys but it has not occurred to anyone to caution against such letters as the London War Office decries, nor do we think it necessary that this be done.

Decorations by John J. Floherty, Jr.





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GRAND ESTEEMED LEADING KNIGHT

MAX SLEPIN, Philadelphia, Pa., Lodge, No. 2. 271 South Fifteenth Street

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FRED R. DICKSON, Kearney, Neb., Lodge, No. 984

GRAND ESTEEMED LECTURING KNIGHT

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J. E. MASTERS, (Charleroi, Pa., Lodge, No. 494) Elks National Memorial Headquarters Building, 2750 Lake View Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

GRAND TREASURER

GEORGE M. McLEAN, El Reno, Okla., Lodge, No. 743. Box 167

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JAMES T. HALLINAN, *Vice-Chairman and Treasurer*, (Queens Borough, N. Y., Lodge, No. 878) Room 1107, 475 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

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JOSEPH G. BUCH, Trenton, N. J., Lodge, No. 105. 732 Broad Street Bank Building

JOHN S. McCLELLAND, Atlanta, Ga., Lodge, No. 78. 218 Court House

EMMETT T. ANDERSON, Tacoma, Wash., Lodge, No. 174. 756-758 Commerce Street

The Elks National Home at Bedford, Virginia

The Elks National Home at Bedford, Va., is maintained as a residence for aged and indigent members of the Order. It is neither an infirmary nor a hospital. Applications for admission to the Home must be made in writing, on blanks furnished by the Grand Secretary and signed by the applicant. All applications must be approved by the subordinate lodge of which the applicant is a member, at a regular meeting and forwarded

to the Secretary of the Board of Grand Trustees. The Board of Grand Trustees shall pass on all applications. For all laws governing the Elks National Home, see Grand Lodge Statutes, Title I, Chapter 9, Sections 62 to 69a, inclusive. For information regarding the Home, address Robert S. Barrett, Home Member, Board of Grand Trustees, 404 Duke Street, Alexandria, Virginia.



OFFICE OF THE GRAND EXALTED RULER

Hello Americans! Let's Chat a While

ELKS WAR COMMISSION: With enthusiasm let us go over the top for the \$500,000 contribution promised the Elks War Commission at the Omaha Convention.

"If it were done when 'tis done,
then 'twere well it were done quickly."

This Commission has already established Elks Fraternal Centers in over 15 Elks homes located in the vicinity of Service Camps and Ports of Embarkation. These centers are operated at an expense such as the local lodge by itself could not meet. For this reason the Commission is giving to them financial assistance. Let us go forward with our part of the work.

Our Brothers in service and their buddies who accompany them on their days off should, if possible, have a home to receive them, a spot where they can refresh themselves, write a letter to their dear ones back home, and be certain of a cot at night. Do you, Brother, know what it is to receive a letter from one of these service lads telling of a cordial reception he has received at one of our Elk homes? You will never realize the value of our Order until you do. No other fraternal society can do this work as well as the Elks. None other has the plant with which to do it.

FIGHT FOR FREEDOM CLASS: The Grand Lodge Activities Committee has already written you about the new membership class to be initiated in November. The tide of membership has turned and is now running our way. The net membership increase in the last Grand Lodge year ending April 1, 1942 was over 14,000 and the net increase in the twelve months preceding was over 12,000. Figures available at this writing indicate a net increase of membership from April 1 to July 1 of this year of over 5,000. This is double the net increase for the same period last year.

How do we account for it? Men seeing our patriotic and philanthropic works are anxious to have a part in them, and Elks Fraternal Centers are selling Elkdom to servicemen, both officers and privates. Past Grand Exalted Ruler Hallinan is wont to say, "If the Order is good enough for us, then it ought to be good enough for our sons, brothers, friends and neighbors."

ELK'S PIN: The public display of the Elk's pin is again coming into its own. And why shouldn't it? It is a badge of loyalty to our country's war efforts and to the Commander-in-Chief of our armed forces, President Roosevelt, who is himself an Elk.

THE FORGOTTEN MAN: Ofttimes he is the Secretary of a subordinate lodge. If he is efficient, he is like a good heart whose possessor never gives it a thought. The Secretary is, in truth, the heart of his lodge. He is the muscular organ that by rhythmic, steady work keeps up the circulation of its blood.

If the collection of lodge dues is in bad shape, then he is the forgotten man among the delinquents; but this is his fault. A good Secretary will never permit delin-

quent members to forget him for he will always be in pursuit of them. Grand Secretary Masters has aptly said, "A good Secretary is more than a receiver, he is a collector of dues."

The very life of any organization is an efficient collector. A timid tax collector means a bankrupt town. The office of Secretary is, therefore, an *active*, not a *passive*, function. It is set up to collect, not receive, dues.

A lodge can never rise higher than the level of its dues collector, the Secretary. Why need he ever be shy in demanding payment of dues? The members who pay up promptly are the real supporters of both the subordinate lodge and the Grand Lodge. Unpardonable delinquency in payment of dues is deadheading a ride at the expense of others.

There is for you, Brother Secretary, a middle course between being a 'slob' and being a 'snob'. Go after the dues as a bank goes after the interest on your mortgage. This makes for a strong lodge and a sound bank.

NAVAL PROCUREMENT WORK: That is the word for it, "Procurement". 115 lodges did this work so effectively for the flying forces of the Army that the Order is now asked to do similar work for the Navy. This, too, will be under the direction of the Elks War Commission. The outstanding work done by the Order of Elks in World War I was directly responsible for bringing into the Order over 300,000 new members. The present Elks War Commission hopes to give the same loyal and efficient service to our country in this World War and to let the results speak for themselves.

ELKS NATIONAL FOUNDATION: The need of Elk philanthropy is always with us. It is not abated by the war; in fact, the need of it is increased. We should be proud of the fact that this is the one large funded philanthropy in the country where every cent of income is devoted to charitable purposes. Not a penny of principal or income is deducted for overhead expenses and management. Large blocks of lodges in certain States are made conspicuous by the absence of their names from the published (white) list of contributors to this fund. The only black list of non-contributing lodges is therefore that created by their own indifference to the charities assisted by this fund: rehabilitation of crippled children, maintenance of tubercular hospitals, assistance to deserving students and other like enterprises.

Sincerely and fraternally,

GRAND EXALTED RULER



Above: Officers of Patchogue, N. Y., Lodge present Flags of heavy silk to be used by Camp Upton's headquarters.

News of Subordinate Lodges Throughout the Order

Under the antlers

Notice Regarding Applications For Residence At Elks National Home

The Board of Grand Trustees reports that there are several rooms at the Elks National Home awaiting applications from members qualified for admission. Applications will be considered in the order in which received.

For full information, write Robert A. Scott, Superintendent, Elks National Home, Bedford, Va.

Winfred D. Lewis, Past District Deputy, Dies at Lansford, Pa.

P.D.D. Winfred D. Lewis, Republican County Chairman, died at the Coal Dale Hospital in Lansford, Pa., on July 25. He was 59 years of age. Mr. Lewis was a Past Exalted Ruler of Lansford Lodge No. 1337, and also of Tamaqua, Pa., Lodge, No. 592, of which he was a member before Lansford Lodge was instituted. He served as District Deputy for Pennsylvania, Northeast, in 1934-35.

Mr. Lewis was a leading member of the Carbon County Bar Association and an attorney of exceptional ability and high reputation. He was a graduate of Princeton University.

Patchogue, N. Y., Elks Present Camp Upton with American Flags

At Camp Upton, induction center at

Left are some of the 42 members recently initiated into San Francisco, Calif., Lodge as the "Bethlehem Victory Class."



Right is pictured the float entered by Minneapolis, Minn., Lodge in the recent Aquatennial "On to Victory" Parade. The float, which won honorable mention, depicts the activities sponsored by the Elks at the Fort Snelling Induction Center.

Below, right, are Elks of Davenport, Ia., Lodge making records to send to members in the service.

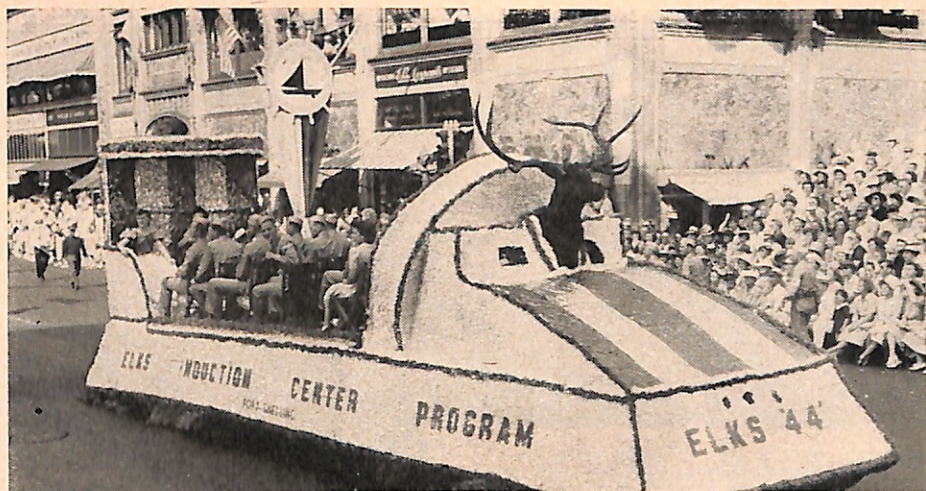
Yaphank, Long Island, N. Y., are two beautiful American Flags presented to the Post by Patchogue, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1323. One, measuring four and a half by five and a half feet, of silk trimmed with heavy fringe, hangs in the office of Colonel H. C. Brenizer, commanding officer, who accepted it from P.E.R. John Muddeman, Chairman of the Patchogue Planning Board, at ceremonies held in front of the Officers Club; the other, eight by fifteen feet, flies from the tall pole in front of the Club.

Speakers included Hugh McBrien, Chairman of the Committee in Charge, who was introduced by Major F. J. Quigley, post intelligence officer, and E.R. Chester Pitney. At the conclusion of the acceptance address, the bugle sounded "To the Colors" and a color-bearer, flanked by two color guards carried the silk flag to post Headquarters, preceded by the Camp Upton Band. At Headquarters, the band played "The Star-Spangled Banner" while the large group assembled for the ceremonies stood at attention. In the Elks' delegation were P.E.R. Frederick Varney and Mayor Charles N. Butler, Trustee Herman Hawkins and Tiler Philip Carney.

The presentation symbolized the fine relationship which exists between the military and the civilian life in the area. Patchogue Lodge has given evidence of its good will before. Some time ago it opened the lodge home to the men at Upton.

Anaheim, Calif., Lodge Honors Lieut. Commander Sue Dauser

At a ceremony held at the U. S. Naval Hospital in Corona, Anaheim, Calif., Lodge, No. 1345, honored one of Ana-



heim's native daughters, Miss Sue S. Dauser, Superintendent of the Navy Nurses Corps with headquarters in Washington, D. C., shortly after her elevation to the rank of Lieutenant Commander. In the absence of Miss Dauser because of war duties at Washington, Captain Harold L. Jensen, hospital commandant, accepted in her behalf a fine leather nurse's kit, a gift from the lodge. The presentation was made by P.E.R. L. A. Lewis, Past Pres. of the Calif. State Elks Association and a former

member of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary. Members of the Lieutenant Commander's family were guests.

A sketch of Miss Dauser's life in Anaheim, where she was educated, and of her 24 years of devoted service to the Navy, was given by P.D.D. Thomas L. McFadden, Chairman of the Committee, who acted as Master of Ceremonies. The lodge was represented by E.R. Allen F. DeWitt, and many Past Exalted Rulers and members. City and county officials and the hospital personnel attended.

Right: Past Grand Exalted Ruler James G. McFarland purchases \$50,000 worth of Series "G" War Bonds at Watertown, S.D., on behalf of the Elks National Foundation.

Below: In a recent ceremony, Vancouver, Wash., Lodge initiated a bombardier who actually dropped "eggs" on Tokio in the company of General Doolittle. Sergeant Wayne Bissell is shown among a group of his fellow Elks.





Above: Brainerd, Minn., Lodge celebrated the recent visit of D.D. James J. Nolan by initiating a class of candidates, shown above with officers who initiated them.

Right: Elks of Fort Madison, Ia., Lodge, shown as they presented an infant respirator to Sacred Heart Hospital and the North Lee County Medical Association



Chicago Lodge No. 4 Moves to 600 South Michigan Avenue

On July 1, Chicago, Ill., Lodge, No. 4, moved to new quarters in the Congress Hotel where it had taken a five year lease. On July 9, the Exalted Ruler, Harry S. Ditchburne, received a summons from the Federal Court with a notice to vacate the Elks Quarters by July 29 as the space was to be taken over by the Army in its establishment of a school in the hotel for radio men.

MOVING PICTURE OF ELKS NATIONAL HOME, BEDFORD, VIRGINIA

The West Virginia State Elks Association has donated to the Elks National Home a sixteen millimeter film showing scenes in and around the Home. It is a silent film and the running time is about thirty minutes.

Any Lodge or State Association may have the use of this film by applying to R. A. Scott, Superintendent, Elks National Home, Bedford, Virginia.

Ample quarters in Chicago were at a premium, but at the end of two weeks spent in a continuous round of visits to the various places available, the lodge officers determined upon the Fairbanks Morse Building at 600 South Michigan Avenue. The entire top floor, the fifteenth, was taken.

The lodge announced that on September 1 it would be ready to receive the membership in quarters as spacious and beautiful as any it has occupied heretofore. A special invitation is extended by No. 4 to all visiting Elks to call at the new lodge rooms when in Chicago.

Right: A scene photographed during one of the dances held at San Juan, P.R., Lodge recently for enlisted men of the armed forces stationed on the island. The Lodge holds a dance once a month and a tea dance every Sunday for the boys.

Open Air Concert is Dedicated To Rochester, N. H., Lodge

The Rochester, N. H., City Band dedicated the third concert of its Victory Series of the season to Rochester Lodge No. 1393. A patriotic program was presented in the open air, including an address delivered by Judge Leonard C. Hardwick. For 46 years the Band has furnished the community with music of the highest type. J. E. A. Bilodeau, a member of the lodge, is the present director.

Dalton, Ga., Lodge Buys an Air Raid Siren for the City

Dalton, Ga., Lodge, No. 1267, staged a patriotic ball and floor show recently in the local high school gymnasium. The net proceeds amounted to the sum of three hundred and fifty dollars. The lodge turned the money over to the city for the purchase of an air raid siren. The affair was a pronounced success and the lodge has decided to make it an annual event.

E.R. C. Frank Hawkins and Mayor D. Wright Mitchell, who acknowledged receipt of the check, figured prominently in the presentation ceremony which, with part of the dance program, went over the air through the facilities of WBLJ, Dalton's radio station. Henry Nevin was Master of Ceremonies.

Pennsylvania Elks' Fund Supports Handicapped Vocational Students

One hundred and fifty physically handicapped young men and women are receiving training at the Williamsport Vocational School for work in war industries in the State. The Pennsylvania Department of Labor and Industry provides funds for their training; the Pennsylvania State Elks Association pays for their board and lodging as the main activity on its Welfare Program. For their maintenance, the Elks of the State raise annually an approximate sum of \$7,500 which in turn is matched by the federal government.

More than 350 have already passed through the school at Williamsport and





Above: Members of a class in radio code and theory sponsored by Charles City, Ia., Lodge to aid in national defense.



Left: The officers of San Pedro, Calif., Lodge are shown with the Merchant Marine Flag which was recently hung in the lodge room, together with the Army and Navy Flags, in honor of the one-quarter of the entire membership of the Lodge which is in our country's service.

Many Branches of War Work Are Covered by Hampton, Va., Lodge

In its contribution to the war effort, Hampton, Va., Lodge, No. 366, is doing efficient work of considerable importance, without fanfare or publicity. Many of the members are taking an active part in civilian defense organization. The lodge has contributed useful equipment, including stretchers and cabinets to be used by the workers. It is now purchasing furnishings, beds and accessories for a proposed hospital in the gymnasium.

In the purchase of War Bonds, a large amount of money from the surplus funds of the lodge has been turned over to the Government. Every Hampton member along with every other member of the Order has pledged his dollar to aid in refugee work. The lodge's representation in the U. S. Armed Forces is somewhat over ten per cent.

Left is the Charity Committee of Latrobe, Pa., Lodge which recently conducted a dance for the benefit of the Lodge's Charity Fund.

Below is part of the 350 physically handicapped young people undergoing training in the Williamsport, Pa., Vocational School. The Elks of Pennsylvania provide funds for board and lodging for these people while they are going to school.

have procured jobs in private industry as draftsmen, welders, skilled machine operators or airplane instrument repairmen. The majority had been unable to do a day's work until trained for employment in the restricted fields open to the physically handicapped.

Bellingham, Wash., Elks Sponsor Program Boosting U. S. Bond Sale

The Victory Square Celebration spon-

sored by Bellingham Lodge No. 194 was a feature of the July campaign in Bellingham, Wash., for the sale of United States War Bonds and Stamps. The evening program boosted sales by ten thousand dollars.

More than 3,500 people turned out for a show put on in the open air. The 35-piece Fort Lewis Field Artillery Band, the Elks' Band, individual entertainers and a swing quintet furnished splendid entertainment.



Right are members of a class of thirty-three candidates, known as the "War Workers' Class", who were initiated into Fort Lauderdale, Florida, Lodge recently. The class was made up entirely of employees of Dooley's Basin and Dry Dock, Inc., now engaged in the construction of ships for both the Army and Navy.



Elks National Foundation Buys War Bonds at Watertown, S. D.

The Elks National Foundation, through its treasurer, Past Grand Exalted Ruler James G. McFarland, of Watertown, S. D., Lodge, No. 838, purchased \$50,000 worth of Series "G" War Bonds at Watertown recently. The Foundation Trustees now have a total of \$150,000 in War Bonds, in addition to other government securities, in their investment portfolio.

The occasion of this recent purchase was generously publicized by the press. Officers of Watertown Lodge, the Mayor and other prominent members were present when the check was turned over to L. T. Morris, Chairman of Region 2 of the South Dakota Victory Fund Committee for the sale of Series "F" and "G" War Bonds. In expressing the appreciation of the Committee and the

Members in our armed forces

are urged to keep both the Secretary of their lodge and the Magazine office informed of their correct address.

To avoid the delay and the extra expense to your family of having your Magazine forwarded from your home, send us your address for direct mailing, together with lodge number, old address and, if convenient, member's number.

community, Mr. Morris said: "This is a fine example and should be an incentive to lodges, other organizations and individuals in the purchase of War Bonds. The Elks are demonstrating in a very large and practical way their patriotism by this and many other war endeavors. It has been our pleasure to review the list of securities of the Elks National Foundation, which is one of the best investment trust funds that has ever come to our attention. This purchase of War Bonds today is further evidence of the care and good judgment of the Board of Trustees of the Foundation." Mr. Morris is President of the First Citizens National Bank of Watertown and has served as treasurer of the local lodge for a long period of time. Watertown Lodge

has invested substantially in War Bonds and has pledged its quota to the Elks War Fund.

Included among those who assembled to witness the transaction were C. H. Lockhart, Vice-President of the Bank and Past State Commander of the American Legion; Mayor George Beier; E.R. Mort A. Lauer, Secy. R. A. McComb, P.D.D. Dr. H. G. Tarbell and P.E.R. C. K. Snyder; Dr. M. McCarthy, Charles Anritter, W. R. Seater and Bill Davey, retired Rock Island conductor, who has himself already purchased \$1,000 worth of War Bonds from his pension.

Elks Fraternal Center at Columbia, S. C., Is Dedicated

The new Elks Fraternal Center at Columbia, S. C., adjoining the home of Columbia Lodge No. 1190, was dedicated on August 28. Past Grand Exalted Ruler David Sholtz, of Daytona Beach Lodge, former Governor of Florida, headed a list of speakers that included R. M. Jeffries, Governor of South Carolina, Gen. Royden Bebee, Commanding Officer at Fort Jackson, Captain Needham of the University of South Carolina ROTC unit, P.D.D. James A. Dunn, City Commissioner of Miami, Fla., Val C. Cleary, Mayor of Miami, and Senator James Hammond. E.R. William Harth, Columbia, was Master of Ceremonies. The exercises were followed by dancing, and refreshments were served.

Construction of the Center, which is sponsored by Columbia Lodge, was financed by a donation from the Grand

Lodge with the provision that it be matched by the lodge. The attractive patio is entered through a Spanish gate on the side of the lodge home. From the entrance, a ramp leads to the back yard which is enclosed by a purple and white picket fence. In the area is a concrete dance floor 30 by 50 feet, surrounded by tables and chairs which seat nearly 150 guests. Benches on the terrace accommodate at least 200 more. The patio is equipped with writing and ping pong tables and a Dutch oven which can be used for fish fries, clam bakes, wiener roasts, etc. The Center is for the use, without charge, of enlisted men, Elks in the Service and their guests. A staff is provided by recreational leaders, and young women are admitted by cards issued by a committee of Elks.

Houlton, Me., Lodge Honors Malcolm Berman at a Dinner

Houlton, Me., Lodge, No. 835, gave a dinner shortly after the Grand Lodge Convention at Omaha in honor of Malcolm Berman, who was awarded first prize of \$600 this year in the Elks National Foundation's "Most Valuable Student Contest." He was presented by E.R. Oscar Benn with a silver trophy, appropriately inscribed. The lodge is exceedingly proud of young Mr. Berman's achievement. His father, Meyer Berman, has been a member of Houlton Lodge for many years.

Young Mr. Berman, as stated in a sketch of his career appearing in the September issue of the Magazine, graduated from Houlton High School last June with an average for four years of 96.81 per cent out of a possible 97, the highest mark given in the school. He was valedictorian of his class, a member of the National Honor Society and the Creative Writers, the Hi-Y and English Clubs, editor of a school paper and quarterback on the football team. He

Below are those who attended the "Elks Navy Day" luncheon at Fort Dodge, Ia., Lodge in honor of 45 applicants of the Naval Aviation Corps. C. L. Mattice, Chairman, and H. A. Feddersen are members of the "Elks Naval Procurement Committee".



entered college this Fall. His mark of 96.81, incidentally, is the highest received by a student of Houlton High School in the past twenty years.

Boise, Ida., Lodge Is Host to State Ritualistic Champions

Officers of the ritualistic team of Caldwell Lodge No. 1448, winner of the State championship at the Convention of the Idaho State Elks Association held in Boise, were entertained at dinner by Boise Lodge No. 310. E.R. Carroll Zapp presided. During the lodge session, the Caldwell team, headed by P.E.R. Clarence E. Carnahan, conducted an initiation for the host lodge. War Bonds and Stamps were given away. An Elks "G" Box was won by Paul Vogel, recently enlisted in the Marine Corps. Past State Presidents Ed. D. Baird of Boise, who was Grand Esteemed Loyal Knight at the time, and Nicholas Ney, present Secretary of Caldwell Lodge, were present.

A series of entertainments has been held by Boise Lodge for men of the county who were being called into the United States military service. Among the guests at a recent banquet were members of Company 10, Idaho Volunteer Reserves, most of whom are Elks. Past Exalted Ruler A. H. Christiansen, of Boise Lodge, immediate Past President of the State Association, is in command of the Company. Esquire Pat King was song leader at the banquet and Past Exalted Ruler Robert Valleau, of Alameda, Calif., Lodge, acted as Master of Ceremonies. During the evening, War Bonds were bought and given away as prizes. All of the entertainers were presented with War Stamps.

Omaha Lodge Presents Iron Lung To Local Fire Department Squad

The Omaha Fire Department has a new "Baby Iron Lung", donated to the Department Rescue Squad by Omaha, Neb., Lodge, No. 39. The Lung was purchased by the Elks Crippled Children Committee of the lodge. Dr. J. Whitney Kelley, Chairman of the Committee, had been informed by the Rescue Squad that no facilities were available in Omaha for the care of children with respiratory diseases and that due to the lack of an iron lung in the city, 19 infants had died in the past year.

The new Iron Lung is on a movable stand, much like the present Lungs for adult use, but is so arranged that it can take care of two infants at the same time. The Lung also has an incubator device to keep the babies warm, a feature not included in the adult type. It is expected that the benefits of this new addition to the city's life-saving equipment will soon make itself felt.

Many Lodges Buy War Bonds

Under the able leadership of President John T. Nelson, of Barre Lodge, assisted by P.E.R. Julian F. Allard of Burlington, General Chairman of the Committee, and Co-Chairmen G. Herbert Moulton, P.E.R. of St. Johnsbury Lodge, and Edward A. Lyon, Brattleboro, the War Bond Campaign put into operation among the lodges of the State by the Vermont State Elks Association met with success. Chairmen and committeemen in each lodge organized a strenuous campaign, "Bond a Month" clubs were started and purchases in some of the lodges by their members soon reached the \$100,000 mark.

Rutland, Vt., Lodge, No. 345, sponsored a slogan and poster campaign among school children of the city. Joseph Welch, a senior at Mt. St. Joseph Academy, was the winner of the \$25 War Bond and a \$10 War Stamp, top prizes for the best poster and first prize in his age group respectively. Prizes included the Bond, six ten-dollar, six five-dollar, fifty-five one-dollar and sixty-seven twenty-five-cent Stamps. One hundred and thirty-five students participated.

Burlington, Vt., Lodge, No. 916, sponsored a dance given by the National Youth Council to which the admission charge was a \$1.00 War Savings Stamp which remained in the purchaser's possession. The National Council was made up of school boys from the Hi-Y, the Jewish Group and the Catholic Group of the city. The lodge advanced money for the stamps and paid for the hall, the orchestra and advertising. Admission cost the patrons nothing, as they kept the stamps and albums. They were requested to complete the filling of their albums and exchange them for War Bonds. The net sale of 1,000 albums represented a potential purchase of \$25,000 worth of Bonds.

Beckley, W. Va., Lodge, No. 1452, purchased \$6,000 worth of War Bonds during the first half of the present year. This lodge also made a donation of \$1,000 to the Elks War Commission and started the drive to raise \$25,000 for the Raleigh County War Fund with a contribution of \$500.

Success attended the participation of Shenandoah Lodge No. 945 in an all-day War Bond and Stamp sale conducted in Shenandoah, Pa. Members of the lodge were on hand throughout the day at the "Mrs. Miniver Booth" on Main Street where \$4,925 worth of Bonds and \$500 worth of Stamps were sold.

Oneonta, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1312, reported on August 12 that it had purchased \$30,000 worth of Bonds to date and was still buying. Through its secretary, Vancouver, Wash., Lodge, No. 823, bought \$10,600 worth of Bonds during July.

Oswego, N. Y., Elks Contribute To Cause of Volunteer Relief

In a letter received recently by E.R. Hollis A. Wilson from H. J. Cooper, Chairman of the Oswego County Chapter, American Red Cross, Oswego, N. Y., Lodge, No. 271, was thanked for its gift to Oswego Hospital of an Iron Lung for infantile paralysis treatment. Presentation of the Lung followed closely Oswego Lodge's sponsorship with the Chapter of a successful blood donorship campaign. One thousand donors were obtained. All could not be used but the Rochester Unit, which spent five days in Oswego, accepted 122 daily.

Latrobe, Pa., Lodge Devotes Proceeds of Ball to Charity

The Charity Committee of Latrobe, Pa., Lodge, No. 907, gave a charity ball recently at Mission Inn, located east of Latrobe on the Lincoln Highway. The affair, held in the open patio, was a social and financial success. Included in the large attendance were many Elks from the western Pennsylvania area.

E.R. Robert V. Callahan delivered the Eleven O'Clock Toast. Esteemed Leading Knight Frank Fontaine was Chairman. Telegrams were received by the committee from two members in the U. S. Armed Forces, P.E.R. Al. B. Wilson who is attending the Aircraft Instrument School in Glendale, Calif., and Joseph Kunkle, stationed in Arkansas.

"Elks Iron Lung" Is Installed In Hospital at Winston-Salem

Ready for use at City Memorial Hospital, Winston-Salem, N. C., is an Iron Lung purchased with funds started by Winston Lodge No. 449 and increased from day to day by contributions from other organizations and from individuals, ranging from a few cents to hundreds of dollars. Several months ago a Lung was brought from High Point and used effectively. The suggestion made by E.R. L. L. Tocce that the lodge vote a substantial donation and sponsor a fund for the purchase of a Lung of the latest type, to be placed in the local hospital for the use of citizens of the community, was enthusiastically received, and the movement was magnificently supported from the beginning.

The machine is an Emerson respirator, complete with resuscitator and all of the latest devices.

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Below are Past Exalted Rulers of Warsaw, Ind., Lodge who recently attended a picnic on the Tippecanoe River.



News of The state associations

IDAHO

Boise Lodge No. 310 entertained the Idaho State Elks Association at its 21st Annual Convention on June 4-5-6. Officers for 1942-43 were elected as follows: Pres., John A. Bever, Wallace; 1st Vice-Pres., C. D. Purkhiser, Caldwell; 2nd Vice-Pres., W. S. Hawkins, Coeur D'Alene; 3rd Vice-Pres., O. R. Baum, Pocatello; 4th Vice-Pres., Harry Benoit, Twin Falls; 5th Vice-Pres., Kelly Cline, Moscow; Trustees: Ed. D. Baird, Boise, and W. C. Rullman, Wallace. John Wimer, of Wallace Lodge, was appointed Secretary-Treasurer by President Bever.

The Ritualistic Contest was won by Boise Lodge. It was announced that Jerry Riddle, of Boise, had been selected as the winner of the \$300 scholarship award. Awards in the finals of the annual Oratorical Contest were presented to Miss Beverly Derr, of Sandpoint, who won first honors, and Miss Margaret Detweiler, Twin Falls, and Joe Vaudrey, Lewiston, who placed second and third respectively.

Retiring President A. H. Christiansen, of Boise Lodge, was presented with a beautiful Elk ring, a gift from officers and members of the State Association as a token of their esteem. The Association passed a resolution extending thanks to all who helped to make the convention a success, including Boise Lodge for its hospitality and the painstaking care with which arrangements were made, Twin Falls, Wallace, Idaho Falls and Boise Lodges for their fine musical organizations which did so much to add color and enthusiasm to the convention, and Mayor A. A. Walker for his cooperation in extending the facilities of the city to visiting Elks.

NEW YORK

The New York State Elks Association, meeting at Niagara Falls for its 30th Annual Convention, held its first business session on Friday morning, June 5, in the Gorge Terminal Auditorium, with President George I. Hall, of Lynbrook, presiding. The principal speaker, Past Grand Exalted Ruler Judge James T. Hallinan, of Queens Borough Lodge, delivered an eloquent address, the main portion of which was devoted to a description of what the Order on the whole is doing in connection with war work.

Reports of the various committees were read. Frank R. Wassung, Chairman of the Scholarship Committee, reported eight scholarships awarded by the New York State Elks Association, and one from the Elks National Foundation Trustees, as follows: Donald Carr, Junior, University of Rochester, endorsed by

Rochester Lodge No. 24; Frances Cott, Sophomore, College of the City of New York, Poughkeepsie No. 275; Phyllis Frye, Freshman, Savage School, Peekskill No. 744; Richard Graf, Sophomore, Hamilton College, Huntington No. 1565; Auleen Herlan, Junior, Syracuse University, Oneida No. 767; Ruth Henne, Freshman, Cornell University, Staten Island No. 841; Robert MacVittie, Junior, Oneonta Normal School, Middletown No. 1097; Jane Roddy, Freshman, Russell Sage College, Troy No. 141. Diana Kaplan, Sophomore at Cornell University, endorsed by Hempstead Lodge No. 1485, received the scholarship from the Elks National Foundation.

Thomas H. Fogarty, Chairman of the Social and Community Welfare Committee, reported that all the lodges of the State were doing a magnificent job. John G. Toomey, Chairman of the Grand Lodge Committee, reported on the State Association's sponsorship of a trip to Omaha, the Grand Lodge convention city. Past Grand Esteemed Loyal Knight Stephen McGrath, Past State Pres., and Chairman of the Membership Committee, reported that the membership in the 90 lodges of the State showed an increase, making a total membership of 44,574 as of March 31, 1942. Thomas F. Dougherty, Chairman of the State Association's National Defense Committee, reported active cooperation with the Elks War Commission of the Grand Lodge in its endeavor to assist the Nation in its war efforts. Samuel C. Duberstein, a member of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary, Chairman of the Memorial and Flag Day Committee, stated that he and the members of his committee had assigned themselves the task and duty of reminding the subordinate lodges to conduct appropriate programs for the observance of important days on the calendar. Michael J. Gilday, Grand Tiler at that time, and Chairman of the Inter-lodge Visitations Committee, reported that during the past year there had been a tremendous increase in the exchange of visits by the New York lodges. George J. Riedler, Chairman of the Ritualistic Committee, reported Plattsburg Lodge No. 621 as the winner in the State Ritualistic Contest. Past President Francis H. Marx, Chairman of the Budget Committee, stressed the importance of a "Uniform Budget System", already adopted by many of the lodges.

Officers elected for the ensuing year are as follows: Pres., Harry R. Darling, Rochester; Vice-Pres.'s: S. E., H. Alfred Vollmer, Freeport; East, Paul O. Sullivan, Poughkeepsie; East Cent., Sydney Flisser, Kingston; South Cent., Harold B. Rood, Cortland; N. E., Leland V. Burgess, Gloversville; West Cent., Frank R. Nemeti, Oneida; West, Israel Schiff,

Olean; North Cent., Edward B. Knecht, Ogdensburg; Secy., reelected, Thomas F. Cuite, Brooklyn; Treas., reelected, John T. Osowski, Elmira. The new officers were installed by Honorary President the Reverend Dr. Arthur O. Sykes, P.E.R. of Lyons Lodge, who for the past thirty years has officiated in this capacity.

The final business meeting was held on June 6. Because of the war, no convention city was selected for next year. If the Association decides to hold a convention in 1943, the place of meeting will be designated by the Advisory Committee.

OREGON

The Oregon State Elks Association, meeting at Bend on June 18-19-20 for its Annual Convention, elected the following officers for the ensuing year: Pres., Harvey L. Armes, Bend; 1st Vice-Pres., Harry E. Nicholson, Astoria; 2nd Vice-Pres., Floyd Manville, Eugene; 3rd Vice-Pres., Lott Brown, Baker; Secy., William Stollmack, Bend; Treas., H. L. Toney, McMinnville; Chaplain, Lloyd K. Dunahoo, The Dalles; Trustees: J. F. Fliegel, Medford, George Anderson, LaGrande, and E. C. Wheeler, Astoria; Sergeant-at-Arms, Louis Stidham, Grants Pass; Assistant Sergeant-at-Arms, Bern Moll, Pendleton; Tiler, William Jenkins, Portland. Percy Locey, Corvallis, K. A. Hartzell, McMinnville, Harold Cohn, Heppner, Will M. Dodge, Ashland, John Hounsell, Hood River, Bert Snyder, Lakeview, Dr. A. S. MacDonald, Oregon City, Robert C. Durie, Portland, Cecil Dye, Tillamook, Marvin Headrick, Salem, C. E. Wimberly, Roseburg, J. H. Peare, LaGrande, and N. H. Gunderson, Marshfield, are members of the Advisory Committee. The 1943 Convention will be held at Baker under the auspices of Baker Lodge No. 338.

The ritualistic team from Klamath Falls Lodge No. 1247 won the State Championship Trophy with the remarkable score of 99.15. That the competition was keen is indicated by the percentages of the second, third and fourth place winners. Lakeview Lodge No. 1536 scored 99.08, Medford No. 1168, 98.71, and Grants Pass No. 1584, 98.67.

More than 300 delegates attended the convention. Many brought their families and all enjoyed the hospitality of the host lodge, Bend No. 1371, and the vacation pleasures of the region, noted for its scenic beauty and famous as a fisherman's paradise. P.E.R. Harvey Armes, the newly elected president of the Association, was Chairman of the Convention Committee. Splendid cooperation was given by members of the lodge, headed by E.R. Robert Meek, and the citizens of Bend under the leadership of Mayor F. S. Simpson.

MASSACHUSETTS

The 28th Annual Convention of the Massachusetts State Elks Association was held at the New Ocean House in Swampscott, Mass., on June 20-21, with approximately 350 delegates in attendance. The convention opened on Saturday afternoon with a reception and tea for the ladies. An elaborate banquet and dance for Elks and their ladies was held in the main dining room that evening, followed by an entertainment arranged for by the Board of Trustees under whose direction the convention was conducted.

On Sunday morning the business session was called to order at 10:30. Presi-

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GRAND Exalted Ruler E. Mark Sullivan held a regional conference on August the 1st, at Salt Lake City, Utah, with District Deputies of the Mountain and Pacific Coast States. The Grand Exalted Ruler flew from Boston to Salt Lake City, accompanied by Past Grand Exalted Ruler John F. Malley, of Springfield, Mass., Lodge. Assisting in the instructions given at the conference were Mr. Malley, speaking on the Elks War Commission, and Past Grand Exalted Ruler J. Edgar Masters, of Chicago, Grand Secretary. Mr. Masters, speaking directly on what should be demanded by the District Deputies from the officers and secretaries of subordinate lodges, stressed the necessity of sound financing in the subordinate lodge and the maintenance of its credit both locally and with the Grand Lodge. Past Grand Exalted Ruler Bruce A. Campbell, of East St. Louis, Ill., Lodge, unable to attend because of the pending departure of his son to join the U. S. Armed Forces, sent to the Grand Exalted Ruler an intimate personal survey of the financing of the Elks National Memorial and Publication Commission, of which he is chairman. It was read at the conference.

The meeting was opened by P.E.R. H. M. McNeil of Salt Lake City Lodge No. 85. Plans for their reception and arrangements for comfortable quarters for the Grand Exalted Ruler's party and the District Deputies were made by committee members E.R. Arthur W. Olsen, Secy. Parker L. Campbell and P.E.R.'s W. H. Nightingale, P.D.D., and Paul V. Kelly, former member of the Grand Lodge State Associations Committee. Mr. Olsen and Mr. Kelly entertained the Grand Exalted Ruler, Mr. Malley and Mr. Masters at the Country Club on Saturday afternoon. That evening the Ladies Auxiliary gave a dinner at the lodge home. Mr. Sullivan and Mr. Masters were speakers.

On Friday, August 7, Grand Exalted Ruler Sullivan left his home in Boston for Bedford, Virginia, to attend the second regional conference of District Deputies held on Saturday the 8th. These Deputies were from the North Atlantic, South Atlantic and Southern States. The meeting was held at the Elks National Home. Mr. Sullivan was assisted in the work of instructing the District Deputies by Past Grand Exalted Rulers David Sholtz, of Daytona Beach, Fla., Lodge, and John S. McClelland, Atlanta, Ga., who spoke for the Elks War Commission, James R. Nicholson, Springfield, Mass., Lodge, who represented the Elks National Memorial and Publication Commission, John F. Malley, who represented the Elks National Foundation Trustees, and Grand Secretary Masters who spoke on the work of officers of subordinate lodges. Mrs. Sullivan and Mrs. McClelland accompanied their husbands to Bedford. P.E.R. John F. Burke, of Boston Lodge, Secretary to the Grand Exalted Ruler, was also present at the conference. Robert A. Scott, Superintendent of the Home, was commended by all in attendance for the efficient plans made for their comfort.

On Saturday night, following the Bedford conference, Grand Exalted Ruler and Mrs. Sullivan, accompanied by Mr. Burke, were driven to Clifton Forge where they entrained for Louisville, Ky., arriving at Louisville on Sunday. The party was entertained at a dinner given by a Committee of Louisville Elks. Mr. Sullivan made his first official lodge visitation that evening when he assisted in the initiation into Louisville, Ky., Lodge, No. 8, of his son, Kevin Sullivan, stationed at Fort Knox, Ky., in an Officers Training School. Young

Grand Exalted Rulers' visits



Above: Grand Exalted Ruler E. Mark Sullivan is shown at the initiation of his son Kevin into Louisville, Ky., Lodge. Among those present were many distinguished members of the Order.

Mr. Sullivan has since been graduated from the school as a lieutenant. Among the prominent Elks present for the ceremonies were Grand Trustee Joseph B. Kyle of Gary, Ind., Lodge; Warfield Z. Miller, Richmond, and Dan M. Griffith, Jr., Owensboro, D.D.'s for Kentucky East and West respectively; Past State Pres.'s Kelly Harper, Catlettsburg, John B. Floyd, Richmond, and Arnold Westermann, Louisville, Past Grand Tiler; Richard Slack, Owensboro, Secy-Treas. of the Ky. State Elks Assn.; D.D. W. H. Mustaine, Nashville, Tenn.; P.D.D. P. W. Loveland, Jeffersonville, Ind.; ten Past Exalted Rulers of Louisville Lodge, and several Exalted Rulers and Past Exalted Rulers from other lodges.

The officers of No. 8, headed by E.R. John L. Batman, were assisted in the ritualistic work by a Degree Team the members of which were Joseph G. Kraemer, Urban Herre, and J. S. Breitenstein, P.E.R.'s, and Rufus Heim. A pleasing and instructive talk made by the Grand Exalted Ruler and a response by his newly initiated son were features of the meeting. Refreshments were served and entertainment was presented. On Monday, Grand Exalted Ruler Sullivan was taken on a tour to places of interest in the vicinity of Louisville, including Fort Knox and the Hazelwood Sanatorium where tubercular patients are sponsored by the Kentucky State Elks Association. On Monday, Mrs. Sullivan and Mr. Burke returned to Boston. The Grand Exalted Ruler paid a visit to the Commanding Officer at Fort Knox and later that day left for Chicago to attend to official busi-

ness awaiting him at the Elks National Memorial Headquarters Building.

Grand Exalted Ruler Sullivan arrived in Ashland, Wis., on August 13, to attend the convention of the Wisconsin State Elks Association. The convention was opened with a formal dinner that evening at which the Grand Exalted Ruler spoke. His address was broadcast. Other speakers were Past Grand Exalted Ruler Floyd E. Thompson, of Moline, Ill., Lodge, Clayton F. Van Pelt, Fond du Lac, Wis., former Chief Justice of the Grand Forum, Mayor Gus F. Johnson, Ashland, and Dr. C. O. Fillinger, of Marinette Lodge, President of the State Association. Presentation of two scholarship awards were made by Past President R. W. Mills, of Fond du Lac Lodge. On the following day, the Association held a patriotic demonstration at Lakeside Park. Here Grand Exalted Ruler Sullivan spoke and introduced Captain Lofquist, Chief of Staff of the Ninth Naval District, who presented to the audience a letter from Admiral W. D. Leahy, who when but a mere lad, was brought to Ashland, Wis., by his parents. He graduated from the local high school, after which he entered the Naval Academy.

On August 15 Mr. Sullivan attended a conference of District Deputies at Chicago. These Deputies came from the districts in the Mississippi Valley and from the more northerly States. Assisting the Grand Exalted Ruler in instructing the delegates were Past Grand Exalted Rulers Bruce A. Campbell, Henry C. Warner, Dixon, Ill., Judge Thompson and Mr. Masters.

Give a Dog a Name

(Continued from page 7)

around the shed corner. His face was wiped clean of all emotion.

Nels laughed as he glanced again at his pair of dogs. "If your Champ ever wanders over our way, Gus won't have anything to do about it."

"Champ will never wander your way, Jensen. He knows his place and keeps it."

Jensen turned to Rod. "But that's not what I came for. Colonel Winters wanted me to make you a last offer. He'll give you five thousand dollars for your Huntington Prince Regal."

"The answer is the same," Rod said shortly. "The Prince is not for sale." His dour mouth twisted in a smile. "There's no enough money in the Colonel's banks to buy the dog that will sweep the show at Westminster. There's no enough money loose to save him from seeing Prince make his Winters Monarch look like a second-rater. Ye may tell the Colonel that wi' my compliments."

Nels shrugged. "Five thousand dollars is a lot of money for a locally bred dog."

"Locally bred champion," Rod snapped. "Don't be talkin' aboot such trifles as five thousand dollars for Prince. He will make the Huntington Kennels the best in the land. He's more than a dog, yon one. He's the beginning of a dynasty, do ye ken."

Nels shrugged again. "I still think you're not being smart." He turned, spoke to his dogs and started to walk away. He paused to glance from Champ to Barney. "You'd better remember what I said. Keep that mutt of yours close to you if you want to keep him alive."

As Nels walked away, Rod turned angrily on Barney. "Did I have any proof that yon mongrel killed Gus' Ranger, I'd shoot him mysel'. I ha' no time for killers."

He glanced at Agnes and his expression changed to surprised annoyance. "Did I no tell ye to be off to the hoose. I'll ha' no daughter of mine descendin' to familiarity with the kennel help."

Agnes watched the slow red crawl up over Barney's jaw and glanced at him warningly. To her father, she said, "Let me remind you that I have some Scotch pride of my own. I will talk to whom I like."

Rod's face purpled. "Be off to the hoose, ye impertinent baggage. Be off wi' ye."

She turned and walked

toward the house, her head high and proud. Rod turned back to Barney. "Ye're a good hand wi' dogs, that I'll no deny. But I'll no ha' ye gettin' big ideas. Mind that ye stay in ye're place."

Supper in the Ogilvie dining room was a silent affair. Father and daughter ate without a word between them. As she rose from the table, Agnes said, "I am taking the car this evening. Have you any objections?"

Rod's only answer was an angry glare. After she had gone he got up, sighing. There was a vague heaviness in his chest, heavier and more ominous than the anger that stirred him.

As Rod went out of the house into the yard he glanced at the corner of the lawn near the front porch. He frowned at the spot where his Collie should have been lying and called sharply, "Bruce!"

Returning from the kennels, he halted, head coming up with a jerk. Over in the woods a dog gave tongue to a long shuddering howl of terror. It broke in a high-pitched yelp.

ROD began to run toward the house. He rushed into the living room, pulled the rifle down from its hooks over the fireplace and ran back to the yard, levering a cartridge into the firing chamber.

His legs were shaking when he reached the woods and began to follow the bridle path. He halted a few hundred yards from the fields, rage turning to sick horror.

The Collie was lying squarely

across the bridle path, his head flung upward from the gaping wound in his neck. Blood still trickled in a thin stream from the wound.

Rage came back, shaking him physically. "The crazy killer," he said thickly. "The wild, bloody, murderin' brute."

He was waiting for Barney at the door of his tiny cabin when he came home late that night. He watched him come up out of the shadows of the field, the big mongrel padding at his heels.

Rod raised the rifle. His voice sounded thick and unnatural in his own ears as he said to Barney, "Stand to one side. Stand to one side if ye don't want to get hurt. For I'm killin' that bloody murderer now."

Barney took a swift stride forward and stood with the rifle muzzle at his chest. He spoke to the dog sharply, "Heel, Champ!"

He caught the rifle muzzle and held it away from him, demanding, "What's this crazy talk about killing Champ?"

Rod shook his head angrily. "There's no argument aboot this, mon. It is yon brute who is the killer. And it's my own Bruce that got his throat torn oot this time."

"And I'm telling you that you're crazy," Barney said harshly. "I can see that you believe what you're saying. But you're wrong. It couldn't have been Champ. I know my own dog." He paused, then said with quiet firmness, "You won't shoot him tonight, not unless you want to shoot me first. Tomorrow we'll talk

about it; tomorrow when you've recovered your senses."

"Tomorrow ye'll be away from this place," Rod said. "But yon devil won't go wi' ye. He's killed his last dog."

"Tomorrow we'll see," Barney said grimly. "But not tonight."

ROD'S saddle horse was waiting for him at the door when he came down in the morning. It was his habit to take an early morning canter across the fields before breakfast.

He had not seen Agnes since supper. She had come in while he had been waiting for Barney and gone straight to bed.

He had one foot in a stirrup when one of the kennel boys raced across the yard, his face white and stricken. His voice shook as he blurted, "It's Prince. He's gone."

Rod stepped back from the horse, fear get-



"She's smart—eats cheese and then waits with baited breath."

ting into his voice, "Are you mad? How could Prince be gone?"

"Someone cut a hole in the wire fence," the boy gasped. "Look, I'll show you."

Running back into the house, Rod took the rifle from the wall before he went out to the kennels. He stood gazing at the wire enclosure. Someone had snipped a long slit in the mesh with wire cutters. There were a few bronze hairs on the wire ends to show where Huntington Prince Regal had passed through.

He ran back to the house and stopped abruptly. Champ was racing toward the woods from Barney's cabin.

"You murderer. You bloody murderer," Rod panted as he threw up the rifle. He fired three times at the running dog and knew that all three shots had gone wild.

He scrambled into the saddle, gripping the rifle, jerked the horse's head around and kicked him with his heels.

As the horse leaped forward he heard two voices calling to him. Agnes was calling from the house. Barney's shout from the kennel yards was like a heavier echo. He glanced back once as he crossed the field at a headlong gallop and saw the two of them running into the field after him.

He cut straight across, not bothering to go the roundabout way for the open bars. He held the horse straight at the bush-fringed stone wall. As the horse leaped a branch caught the rifle and jerked it out of his hand.

He pulled the horse up sharply and looked around. The rifle was lying on the stones of the wall, the stock snapped away from the barrel. He swung the horse around, cursing, and started racing along the bridle path.

Warm relief flooded him as he pulled the horse to a halt a half-mile farther on. The high, excited yapping away to his right through the woods could belong to but one dog. It was Prince, racing and barking in the ecstasy of new-found freedom.

He slid from the horse as the tempo of the bark changed. There was a short yelp of surprise. Then the bark stopped abruptly.

ROD swiftly looped the reins around a tree and began to run through the woods. He stopped once going over a fence and grabbed a length of broken fence-rail. He rapped it against a tree and it shattered in his hands. Flinging the fragments from him he cursed and ran on again.

He stepped through the fringe of bushes into the oblong of the back meadow and felt the relief return again. Prince came out of the woods at the opposite end of the meadow, the sun glinting on his shimmering coat. His tail was down between his legs and he ran as if he were being pursued by demons.

At the far end of the meadow, Rod caught a glimpse of the tan coat of

Champ. He was angling through the bushes, headed in the direction taken by the Setter.

Rod raised his voice in a shout. "Prince! To me, Prince!"

The Setter veered in his headlong rush and came racing to Rod. He threw himself against Rod's legs and crouched there, shivering.

Rod said softly, "Easy, boy. Easy." Then he saw the other dogs.

The black Shepherd came out of the woods across the meadow and stood, ears pricked forward, his eyes as red as rubies in the morning sun. The big gray Alsatian came out of the woods to his left. On his right the red half-Chow was standing.

The dogs stood like bits of sculptured stone for a moment. Then they began to move in, slowly, silently. Rod raised his voice in a shout in an attempt to scare them.

A cold trickle ran along his spine. There was no scaring these dogs. They were not even dogs any longer. They were brutes set wild by blood-lust. He could see the pattern shaping itself before him. They had killed dogs who dared approach the kennels they patrolled. Then, when no more dared to come, they had gone out looking for them. They had become chronic killers.

Watching the dogs he was aware of a deep and moving fear. It wouldn't have been so bad if the dogs had rushed him, if they had growled or snarled. But they did none of these things. They came in slowly, ominously. They seemed almost to mince along on their stiff legs rather than walk.

It seemed to Rod that the silence grew, enormous and stifling there in the sun-filled meadow. The Setter against his knees began to whimper thinly. The only other sound now was the rustle of the dogs' feet in the grass as they closed in.

THE sudden crash of sound in the bushes to his left was startlingly loud in Rod's ears. He swung his head sharply as the three dogs stopped stalking in and froze, staring.

Champ stepped clear of the bushes. He stood for a brief moment, head lifted in that pose of tense alertness. His cropped ears were stiffly erect. He seemed to be looking away across the meadow into empty distance, as though totally unaware of the scene before him.

His ears went back flat against his head as he charged. He was heading straight for the black Shepherd, not seeming to see the Alsatian crouching for his rush.

He held a straight course toward the Shepherd until he was almost opposite the Alsatian, then he veered sharply and his rush flattened out into a smashing drive of silent fury. His massive shoulder struck the Alsatian and knocked him sideways.

The Alsatian struck on his side and threw his body with a convulsive whirl to reach his feet again. He was half over when Champ leaped in, his bared fangs slashing horribly,

viciously, at the Alsatian's throat.

The Alsatian flung himself forward, tried to run, then went rolling across the meadow in a writhing, twisting roll, blood gushing from the rip in his throat.

The Shepherd and the half-Chow converged in a charge toward Champ. Champ seemed to ignore the Chow. He twisted as he struck the Shepherd, smashing him down as he had smashed the Alsatian. His fangs ripped in the same tearing slash.

The Shepherd jerked his throat out of the way. But the fangs ripped up the side of his head and through one ear. He yelped sharply once.

In a single flow of continuous motion, Champ went over the Shepherd, whirled and went diving in on the Chow in the same shouldering charge.

ROD tried to yell and could utter no sound. He had seen dogs fight before. But he had never seen anything like this deadly, savage battle that raged across the meadow in absolute silence.

The two killers were trying to close in and pen Champ between them. But he fought his own fight, a slashing, driving, running battle. It was smash, slash and get away.

The Chow closed in as the Shepherd went down again. He leaped, his jaws closing on Champ's shoulder. Champ twisted in the grip, reached down his powerful jaws and crunched on one of the Chow's forelegs.

The Chow's jaws jerked open convulsively as he howled. Champ gave a twist of the powerful neck and flung the Chow from him as he leaped sideways away from the Shepherd's rush.

Champ's shoulder was badly torn where the Chow had caught him. One cropped ear was a tatter of bloody ribbons. There was a deep gash on the side of his neck. Blood was splattered over his grizzled tan coat. But there was no slackening in the devastating drive of his charge.

The Chow got to his feet with one foreleg hanging limply and leaped in as Champ struck the Shepherd again, slashing him as he went down.

Champ twisted and came up under the Chow as he leaped in. He flung his head up and caught the Chow by the throat. He shook him twice, as a Terrier shakes a rat, then flung him aside to writhe on the stained grass as the Alsatian had writhed before he grew so quiet.

The Shepherd struck again as Champ flung the Chow from him. He drove in and caught Champ by the wounded ear. Champ tore himself loose, jumped clear, then drove in again, his shoulder smashing the Shepherd off his feet again.

This time the Shepherd flung himself away with a whirling roll. He came to his feet running, tail low, head twisted sideways as he raced for the edge of the woods. Just behind him ran Champ, a ghastly, torn caricature of the dog that had so quietly stepped out of the

woods only a short time before.

As they burst through the bushes into the woods, Rod let his breath out in a long shuddering sigh. He glanced down at the Setter, his head shaking slowly. "Huntington Prince Regal," he said slowly. "Ye're a prince, a pampered prince. Yon lady has the blood of fighting kings in his veins. Aye! A fighting king!"

Beyond the fringe of bushes there was a brief flurry of snarling sound and threshing action. A dog yelped thinly, a broken shard of sound.

Rod's mouth twisted in a hard smile. "Yelp, ye black scut! Yelp, ye murderin' hellion. For it's ye're end that's caught up to thee now."

He turned as Barney burst through the bushes with Agnes at his heels.

Barney caught Agnes' hand as he stared from the dead Chow to the equally dead Alsatian. He glanced at Huntington Prince Regal and snapped, "Where's Champ?"

Rod nodded toward the woods. "He's in there settling accounts with the third murderer. He's a bonny warrior, that Champ o' yours."

The crashing came back through the bushes to the edge of the meadow. Champ backed into the open. His jaws were on the Shepherd's throat, shaking and worrying the limp body as he dragged it free of the bushes.

Barney called sharply, "Champ!"

The big dog dropped the Shepherd, turned and trotted across the meadow, shaking the blood from his torn head as he approached.

Rod thrust his hand toward Barney. "Would ye take the apologies

of an old fool who didn't know a champion when he saw one?"

But Barney neither heard nor saw the outstretched hand. He was down on his knees beside Champ, examining the bleeding wounds on neck and shoulders.

Agnes said, "If I had only known I could have told you. I knew where Champ was last night. I was out in the car with Barney last night. We took Champ with us."

She met her father's eyes levelly. "And if you fire Barney, you'll have to say goodbye to me, too. For I shall go with him whenever and wherever he goes."

"Be quiet, ye impertinent baggage," Rod said sharply. "Is it no enough to see ye're own father eatin' humble pie, that ye've got to try and humble him further?"

He turned to Barney. "Let us be off to the hoose where we can fix yon champion's cuts. Then we'll be payin' a call on Nels Jensen. For there's the matter of a fence that was cut so that Prince could get out and be killed by these murderin' devils."

Nels saw them come into the yard. He looked at the torn and bandaged Champ and his sullen lips twitched in a smile.

Rod said, "Smile, ye scut. Maybe ye'll still smile when ye go to the back meadow and bury some dead dogs."

Nels scowled. But the scowl was not as strong as the fear in his eyes.

"Aye, three of them," Rod said. "For he killed both your killers and the gray hellhound that ran with them. 'Tis good riddance."

"And also," he went on, "it will grieve you to know that yon champion got there before they did harm to Prince. So ye're scheme in cutting the wire and letting him out brought ye naught."

"Cut the wire?" Nels blustered. "Are you crazy? What are you talking about?"

Barney stepped forward, close to Nels. His eyes were as sharp and bright as diamonds. "But we can't prove anything. That's what you're thinking. And we can't. But I can show you what I think of a man who would do such a trick."

His shoulders hunched. Nels took a step backward, his hands coming up in a gesture of defense.

Barney's fists dropped. He said, "Pah, you make me sick. I couldn't even touch such a yellow rat."

"Ye've sense, laddy," Rod said. "Come home wi' us now away from the stench of this place." He paused, turning back to Nels. "But this is no the end of this. I'll be seein' Colonel Winters when he comes back from town. 'Tis well known that the Colonel promised ye a fat bonus if Winters Monarch wins at Westminster. But I doobt if a sportsman like the Colonel would approve of such a way of eliminating Prince."

The three of them walked home. In front of them trotted Champ, his head up, carrying his bandages like banners.

Rod watched him, his head shaking. "'Tis no fit name ye have for yon dog. He's worthy of better. Let him be called Huntington Roderick Dhu, or Huntington Robert the Bruce. 'Tis such a name he should carry."

What America Is Reading

(Continued from page 8)

credible inefficiency of the British civilian government and the blindness of the military to obvious needs. As a South African he can let fly at the top-hats that an Englishman might respect. You will read with indignation his account of how Burma was lost. But Gallagher has no doubts about the outcome of the war. He believes we must be tough and ruthless, for the Japanese look on themselves as superior to all other peoples and treat them all with contempt. Says Gallagher, "Japan will be beaten by the roaring air-borne might of the United States and the Empire. I do not think it necessary for us to send our fighting men back into the jungles and swamps." May the might appear soon. (Doubleday, Doran, \$2.50)

MILITARY and naval leaders are still arguing about control of aviation; let us hope their controversies won't stop the usefulness of the air force. But the experience of ships in actual fighting must have made them aware of the terrible power that bombers have. When Billy Mitchell was arguing for a great air force they

derided him, court-martialed him and deprived him of his rank in the Army. But practically everything that has happened backs up his views about air fighting. In "Billy Mitchell" Emile Gauvreau, the editor, and Lester Cohen, the novelist, tell his story. Mitchell was certain that the day of the battleship was over. He could see in them nothing but targets. He didn't favor the carrier ships either. On board the *Saratoga* with Gauvreau during maneuvers off the Virginia coast, Mitchell took the editor down to the ammunition room and said, "What do you suppose would happen if a bomber dropped one of its pills on us right now? All the planes are gone from our deck. We are defenseless." Across the water was the *Lexington*. "God, what a target!" exclaimed Mitchell. That was eight years ago—and the *Lexington* became a target for the Japanese in the Coral Sea. I think this book makes clear why Billy Mitchell got in bad in Washington. He not only urged his views with a great deal of heat; he made charges of corruption and collusion with aviation companies, and natu-

rally the men at the top resented this. President Coolidge was the chief instigator of the court martial. By now the costly lessons of the war must have brought home to the authorities the need of supremacy in aviation. Everybody is pounding home the arguments, and Major A. P. de Seversky's book, "Victory Through Air Power", already has sold 345,250 copies. The book about Mitchell is published by Dutton at \$2.50.

HERE'S a book worth recommending. If you want a well-balanced history of the United States, as well as an explanation of the organization of the armed forces, this fills the order. "School of the Citizen Soldier" was prepared by order of Lieut. General Ben Lear. This is what the American soldier is now being taught about his country's history and organization. It has been prepared by experts and edited by Lieut. Col. Robert A. Griffin and Lieut. Col. Robert M. Shaw. It may have been intended for the soldier but it can teach the rest of us a great deal, too. (D. Appleton-Century, \$3)

THERE must be many men living today who remember when John L. Sullivan was a sort of national hero. Yet the era of John L. is deadlier than a ghost town. When John L. was in his prime as a pugilist, in the 1880's and 1890's, prize-fighting was outlawed; only gamblers and sports attended it, and they usually met in towns where the police were friendly. And now prize-fighting is one of the major sports, with a tremendous "gate" and society leaders at the ringside. John L. had to win the title of champion from Jake Kilrain on a private estate near Vicksburg; even then he was pursued by the law and eventually fined. They fought with skin-tight gloves over their fists and went at it for seventy-five rounds when the temperature was 100 in the shade. John L. won when Kilrain's doctor declared that Jake might die if he fought any longer. You can read about this in Donald Barr Chidsey's book, "John the Great", which doesn't make a hero of John L. It makes him seem pretty much of an unruly boy. For though John L. was immensely popular, earning over \$1,000,000 by his various enterprises, he couldn't hold on to his money. Too much of this "Give the boys some wine" business. Besides he drank heavily himself. But he was an American institution. He never went to Washington without calling at the White House; he was pals with the Prince of Wales, later Edward VII; he had an audience with the Pope. For a time he ran a bar in New York City—as Dempsey and Braddock do today. But there were many sordid phases in John L.'s life and in retrospect the age described here doesn't have much allurements. Mr. Chidsey is too frank. He shows how little a popular reputation really means. (Doubleday, Doran, \$3)

AMONG the New Novels: "The Drums of Morning", by Philip van Doren Stern, is a novel in which the Civil War is seen from a new angle. Here the hero and observer is Jonathan Bradford, son of an abolitionist who is killed with Elijah Lovejoy in the riot in Alton, Ill. Jonathan is himself a convinced abolitionist, and this enables the author to put him in situations hitherto unknown to the novel. For instance, he suffers repeatedly for his views and gets branded on the hand down South; he talks with John Brown and gets in touch with the New England abolitionists who distrusted Lincoln. Mr. van Doren has written several historical works, notably a study of John Wilkes Booth. His new book is

better as history than as a novel, but it is an excellent way to learn about the underground movement to free the slaves, for the historical part of it is pretty well verified. (Doubleday, Doran, \$3). . . One of the most famous of all Russian novels is Gogol's "Dead Souls". A new translation in English, easily the best we have, has just been made by Bernard Guilbert Guerney for the Readers Club. The title of the book is "Chichikov's Journeys", and Clifton Fadiman, one of the editors of the club, explains that this title was considered more appropriate and also less forbidding. If you enjoy unhurried reading, in which the characters have plenty of time to gossip and banter, this will give you enjoyment comparable to reading "Don Quixote". It describes the people of another Russia—the landowners, retired generals, blustering officials of 100 years ago. Chichikov dashes over the countryside in a troika on an impossible journey—he is going to inherit land if he can prove that he has 300 serfs to his name, so he tries to buy the names of 300 dead serfs from their former owners. Cockeyed idea, which gives you a clue to the story. . . The mystery story writers have discovered the possibilities of blackouts. "Murder Calling '50'", by George Bagby, deals with a murder during a trial blackout, in which Inspector Schmidt discovers that the occupant of a penthouse has been killed and starts investigating the characters of the residents of the apartment house, with both amusing and exciting results. (Crime Club, \$2). . . "Murder in the OPM" is the latest ingenious plot spun by Leslie Ford, who thinks up some good ones. This has to do with the finding of the body of an official of the OPM in Washington and various complications in which Col. Primrose becomes extremely active. Good entertainment. (Scribners, \$2)

FEW Americans get close to Mexican life. If they travel in Mexico, they see the people in their villages and on their farms, but they do not learn to understand them. In Mexico City we follow the trails laid out for the tourists, and while we may attend a flower festival or visit the native markets, we don't cross the thresholds of the homes of the masses. But Gertrude Diamant, the writer, had other plans. She was doing some writing in Mexico City and took a modest apartment in a section where no Americans ever lived. Here she became closely associated with the Escoto family, which had recently moved from a farm to the city because Papa Escoto didn't earn enough to live on at the farm. She also became acquainted with the little 10-year-old daughter Ofelia, and eventually hired her, and that is why this fine, understanding book about Mexican life is called "The Days of Ofelia". I have read a great many books on Mexico but none of the authors ever took the trouble to explain the simple, homely ways of the people as Miss Diamant does.

There were twelve people at the table of the Escotos and their principal food was the tortilla. They had tortillas for breakfast and for lunch and they didn't eat supper; only the men ate in the evening, getting the tortillas that were left over. Ofelia explained that they had supper because they were men. They didn't use knives and forks. Once the Escotos invited Miss Diamant to dine with them and prepared numerous native dishes, and it was some time before she understood that she was to eat alone, before them all. She was impressed with their innate courtesy, their desire to please and their roundabout way of speaking, but she also discovered many curious attitudes and conventions. She learned that Mexico was a world apart, a civilization that had developed through centuries of poverty, hatred and exploitation, and that the new order was trying desperately to bring about reforms. The Revolution was "too big for the landowners and too little for the Communists", and it was settling down into its own special Mexican groove. Because this book is about people as they are, and not about the ideas the author may have had when she reached Mexico, it carries conviction and invites our admiration (Houghton, Mifflin Co., \$2.75)

THEY called him Uncle Woodson, and he was born a slave, and after emancipation served the white family all the rest of his life on the old place,



"Jack isn't worth much till he has his coffee."

Gay Mont, near Port Royal, in the Virginia Tidewater. Bernard Robb, a member of the family, used to enjoy Uncle Woodson's stories when he was a boy, and he has here recalled them in a book, "Welcum Hinges". Uncle Woodson considered himself a member of the family, and when he said farewell to a guest he always said, "Yawl mus' cum agin, you'll fine our do's hangin' on welcum hinges." He lived until 1920.

Mr. Robb has tried to put down Uncle Woodson's stories in the dialect he used. They described the life of the plantation, the days of the war, the fishing and hunting and "riber baptisin", and the hard life Uncle Woodson lived when the family went to live in the "big city" for a while. Uncle couldn't tell which door was his and carried a card with the family's address, so he wouldn't get lost. These amusing anecdotes

tell of contented colored families working for white landlords who treated them justly, and hence seem to hark back to the days of Uncle Remus, for of late, writers have preferred to describe the whites as exploiters and the blacks as economic victims in no uncertain terms. It is obvious that there must have been some contented relationships and here is evidence of one, at least. (Dutton, \$2.50)

News of the State Associations

(Continued from page 34)

dent Arthur J. Harty, of Winchester Lodge, presided. Among the distinguished guests was Past Grand Exalted Ruler James T. Hallinan of Queens Borough, N. Y., Lodge, who delivered an address both timely and inspiring on the program of the Elks War Commission. The annual Memorial Service was held during the session, with Chairman of the Committee Thomas A. Quinn, of Cambridge Lodge, as soloist, and another Cambridge Elk, Mayor John H. Corcoran, delivering the Memorial Address.

Reports were read by the respective chairmen of the various State committees. Secretary-Treasurer Thomas F. Coppinger stated that all of the 60 lodges in Massachusetts were members of the Association, with a total membership of 21,251. Reports showed that the sixty

lodges had spent \$114,868.50 in charity work during the past year and that in recent months forty-eight lodges had purchased a total of \$247,495 worth of War Bonds. Past Grand Exalted Ruler John F. Malley, of Springfield, Mass., Lodge, President of Elks' Scholarship Inc., reported that during the past year the Directors of the Fund had acted favorably upon 13 applications for scholarship loans, thereby raising the total number of these loans made by Massachusetts Elks' Scholarship Inc. since its inception to 187. Seated on the rostrum was E. Mark Sullivan who, the next month, was elected Grand Exalted Ruler of the Order. Mr. Sullivan addressed the convention and also presented the State Association's Declaration of Allegiance endorsing the Nation's war effort, which

was acted upon and adopted.

The slate of State Association officers for 1942-43 is as follows: Pres., Francis J. O'Neil, Attleboro; Vice-Pres.'s: James A. Bresnahan, Fitchburg, George Steele, Gloucester, David Greer, Newton, Robert E. Smith, Plymouth; Secy.-Treas., Thomas F. Coppinger, Newton; Board of Trustees: Chairman, Mason S. McEwan, Brookline, Secy., William F. Maguire, Wakefield, Approving Member, John H. Walsh, Waltham; Members of the Board: James W. Fallon, North Adams, William A. Harrington, New Bedford, William J. Barrett, Revere, T. Francis Roark, Gardner, Edward J. O'Rourke, Worcester, Henry I. Yale, Peabody, Samuel E. D. Hartshorn, Milford, Elmer E. A. Richards, Hyannis, and Daniel J. Hurley, Quincy.

Under the Antlers

(Continued from page 33)

Fort Lauderdale, Fla., Lodge Initiates "War Workers' Class"

Fort Lauderdale, Fla., Lodge, No. 1517, initiated a "War Workers' Class" of 33 candidates on August 3. The Class was made up entirely of employees of Dooley's Basin & Dry Dock, Inc., now engaged in the construction of ships for both the Army and the Navy. Esteemed Lecturing Knight Joe W. Hudgins, Chairman of the Committee, who presented all of the applications, had some twenty more for a second class to be initiated in the near future.

A highlight of the evening was a sincere talk to the new members made by S. Paul Dooley, president of the corporation. Mr. Dooley emphasized the comparison between the activities of the Order and the duties of patriotic producers of the necessities for ultimate victory. Several of the new members, including Charles D. Roach, vice-president of the corporation, responded, expressing their appreciation of the impressive manner in which the initiatory ceremonies were conducted. A buffet supper was served.

San Antonio, Texas, Lodge Celebrates Its 50th Birthday

Members of San Antonio, Tex., Lodge, No. 216, and their guests, including Elks from several other Texas lodges, observed the fiftieth anniversary of the founding of San Antonio Lodge with a patriotic program and dance on Saturday evening, July 11. The Golden Jubilee program was staged in and about the eight-story lodge home in the downtown district of the city. Hundreds of

Elks with their families and friends took part in the celebration. A colorful parade through the principal streets was followed by Open House held in the lodge home at 6 p.m. Visitors were conducted through the building and entertained in the spacious clubrooms. A public patriotic program, opened at 8 p.m., was featured by addresses delivered by city, State and military officials.

Starting from the lodge home in mid-afternoon, the parade was one of the most impressive features of the celebration. It was led by city and county officials, a military unit representing the many San Antonio Elks now wearing the uniform of the armed forces of the United States, and the lodge's 40-piece band. An attractive float carried a large mounted elk surrounded by a group of U. S. Army men.

Prominent speakers on the public patriotic program included City Park Commissioner Henry M. Hein, Robert Lee Bobbitt, a member of the Texas State Highway Commission, San Antonio, and Lieut. Col. Royden Williamson, public relations officer, Headquarters Eighth Corps Area, U. S. Army, Fort Sam Houston. P.D.D. Harry A. Nass, of San Antonio Lodge, who acted as Master of Ceremonies, was General Chairman of the Golden Jubilee Celebration Committee. The cooperation of E.R. J. H. Lamm and his officers contributed in a large measure to the success of the event.

Featured on the musical program was a patriotic song, "America in Prayer", composed by Otto Zoeller, leader of the Elks' Band, and dedicated to the occasion. The Golden Jubilee Ball, held in the ballroom of the lodge home, lasted until after midnight.

Fine New Home of Burlington, Iowa, Lodge Is Dedicated

Burlington, Ia., Lodge, No. 84, dedicated its handsome new home on Thursday evening, August 27, climaxing a fine program with the presentation of a special life membership card, engraved on a gold plate, to E.R. Dale O. Logan, as a mark of honor. Secretary Harold J. Wilson, who made the presentation speech, paid Mr. Logan high tribute for his accomplishments as Exalted Ruler for more than one term and his bringing the construction program to a successful conclusion. Clyde E. Jones, of Ottumwa Lodge, Chairman of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary, acted as Master of Ceremonies and also as Exalted Ruler, with other Past Presidents of the Iowa State Elks Association in the initiation of a class of 130 candidates. Past Grand Exalted Ruler Henry C. Warner, of Dixon, Ill., was the principal speaker.

Six hundred and ninety-four reservations were made for the banquet and floor show for Elks and their ladies held on Friday evening. The dedication program ended with a ball on Saturday night. A \$25 War Bond was given away as a door prize.

Burlington Lodge is 54 years old. It has made several moves in that space of time and last December the building it occupied was sold. The new home, constructed at a cost of \$100,000, leaves nothing to be desired in comfort and convenience. It is air conditioned and steam heated and beautifully furnished throughout. The large, square lodge room can be used not only for meetings, but for dances. The banquet hall accommodates several hundred persons.

About half of the front exterior is constructed of glass brick, inset with windows which harmonize with the glass brick motif. Concrete flower urns flank the main entrance, and window boxes along the wall of the second floor lounge lend a colorful effect.

Selectees Are Given a Send-off By Elks of Harrisburg, Ill.

Harrisburg, Ill., Lodge, No. 1058, has been entertaining groups of men entering the U. S. Armed Forces, prior to their departure for the induction centers and camps to which they have been assigned. Forty-nine were guests at a breakfast served in the Elks' dining room. Charles Polk, Chairman of the Host Committee, and E.R. H. J. Raley were in charge. Another large group was invited recently to a six o'clock dinner.

Members of Boy Scout Troop No. 58, sponsored by Harrisburg Lodge, were guests at a dinner given on "Elks Charter Night", an annual event. Trustee W. B. Welch, Frank P. Parker and LeRoy Barham, members of the lodge's Scout Committee, presided during the presentation of an appropriate program which included the distribution of awards and badges among members of the Troop of which John Porter is Scoutmaster.

A Special Coon Hunt Is Held at Terre Haute Elks Country Club

Approximately \$1,000 was realized from the Elks Ladies 9th Annual Coon Hunt held at the Elks Fort Harrison Country Club at Terre Haute, Ind., on August 18. The proceeds were turned over to the Elks Ladies War Unit of Terre Haute Lodge No. 86, to be used for the purchase of materials for the making of necessary articles of clothing for men in the U. S. Armed Forces.

The ladies and their guests took full possession of the Country Club at eight o'clock in the morning. Golf, cards and other games were enjoyed during the day and a chicken and barbecued beef luncheon was served. At 5 p.m. the men were admitted. The evening festivities included a fried chicken dinner, music and entertainment, games and dancing.

San Francisco Lodge Initiates "Bethlehem Victory Class"

Midnight, war-time, was the hour necessarily selected for the induction into San Francisco, Calif., Lodge, No. 3, recently of 42 defense workers from the Bethlehem Shipyards. The picturesque ceremony was held at that time in order to permit the large entering class to finish its shift at the yards.

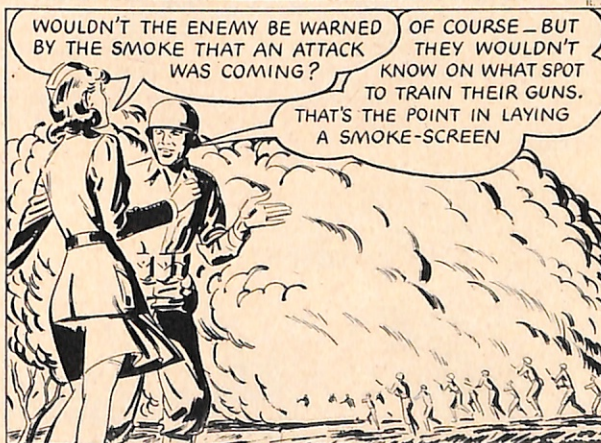
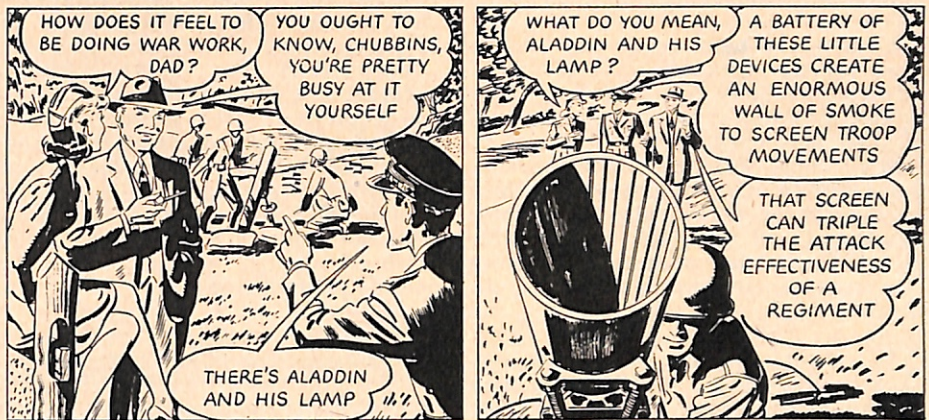
E.R. C. Russell Willett presided. The address was made by Judge Peter J. Mullins, P.E.R. Captain of the contingent of defense workers was Delbert J. Higgins, night superintendent of the Bethlehem yards, assisted by Roy B. Murray, shipfitters' leaderman at the Plant.

Hudson, Wis., Lodge Dedicates New Flag Pole on Home Lawn

Hudson, Wis., Lodge, No. 640, will fly the American Flag from the new flag pole of the lodge home on the St. Croix River for the war's duration. The dedication on August 14 of the 37-foot pole on the lawn drew a large attendance. The ceremonies, held in the evening, were followed by a Lawn Social.

Mayor J. E. Newton, P.D.D. and P.E.R. of No. 640, delivered the principal address, dedicating the staff upon which the Stars and Stripes "shall be flown" to all men in the U. S. Armed Forces.

WONDERS OF AMERICA War Clouds!



National Game and Problem

(Continued from page 9)

race prejudice that is threatening to boil over. Inevitably, we must take sides.

Comes the next question. Is this facet of discrimination: (1) Just? (2) Justifiable?

The first one is a cinch to answer, almost too easy. In the abstract, every liberal-thinking American condemns racial discrimination, much as he denounces wife-beating and maltreatment of animals. To render casual lip service to such sentiments is a man's membership card in civilized society.

BUT discrimination is not an abstract proposition. We know men are hauled into court every day for wife-beating and abusing animals, and quite often they resent strenuously public interference in their private affairs. We have concrete evidence of racial discrimination in baseball and we know it is embedded in foundations that have taken root in our social and economic life for 200 years.

Is it justifiable? At this point, appeals to reason and arguments arrayed in logical order break down. Every man has an esoteric definition of what constitutes prejudice. In application, it is essentially an individual matter governed by uneducated passion, unchangeable background and unstable emotion. When discrimination involves a man intimately, he reacts as he feels, not as he thinks.

Before you give tongue to your shouted opinions, let me warn you that you cannot win. You will be attacked by one and/or both sides. If you demand the lowering of the bars immediately, you will be condemned as a Communist, an amateur bleeding heart or a professional agitator. If you declare for the status quo—which means no Negroes in the big leagues—you will be blasted as a Fascist, a reactionary, a fool with neither the acumen nor the social consciousness to cure a world sick unto death. And if you try to approach the problem with stark realism, both factions will belabor you as an aggravator of class hatred. I know; I have been called all these, and viler things.

Since we are on a fact-facing expedition, let's dig down to the crux of the situation. There are no Negroes in baseball because the majority of the ball players come from the South. Please do not construe this as an attempt to obscure

the fundamental issue by stirring up the old North-South antipathy. The South, through generations of inheritance and custom, is more anti-Negro than the North. Feeling against the Negro may be entirely an accident of birth. A Southern ball player cannot, and will not, change overnight his inbred attitude. An official order by Judge Landis or a passionate appeal to humanitarianism will not impel a Southerner to play with or against Negroes in regular league competition.

THESE are hard lines, but you know they are true. We can scream that such conditions are un-American and a flat contradiction of the Bill of Rights and the Fourteenth Amendment. Liberal thinking may lower the bars temporarily, but it definitely won't keep the Negro in organized baseball.

Let's have some more realism. I must confess reluctantly that I do not want to see Negroes in the big leagues under present conditions that are entirely divorced from the war. I tell you this because I have traveled and lived with ball players for ten years and I have heard them speak off the record.

I am not trying to paint an alarming picture. I am not defending the club-owners for the hush-hush stand they have taken. As a principle, non-discrimination is unassailable. In practice, unfortunately, it is riddled with vulnerable holes.

Berate, if you will, the Southern ball player for his ignorance, his blind bias. And while you're at it, you may as well berate the entire structure of our social system that

has produced the Southern ball player, the Southern doctor who will not work in a hospital with a Negro colleague, the Southern—and Northern—employer who will not hire Negroes on a basis of equality with white workers.

ADVOCATES of Action Now—meaning Negroes in the big leagues—will draw upon analogies from other sports to show I have distorted the picture. They will point out, undoubtedly, that Joe Louis and many Negro fighters have beaten white men into unconsciousness and have not provoked race riots. They will show that Negroes on college teams in the North and West have played football against Southern boys and nothing of a disagreeable nature has happened.

That much is absolutely true. But—Louis never has fought farther South than Washington, D. C. White and Negro boys have played football with mutual honor and credit, but don't forget these are college boys who have been exposed, at least, to education and enlightenment. And keep in mind, furthermore, that such mixed games are played only in the North and West, where the Negro has been accorded some small measure of equality. When a college team enlisting a Negro plays in the South, the Negro invariably is withdrawn or suffers a mysterious ailment that disappears miraculously two days later.

The participation of the Negro in free and equal competition is permitted, even encouraged, above Mason and Dixon's old line. All right, then. Major-league baseball is played in the North and Middle West. Why

anticipate trouble? I contend, reluctantly and realistically, that the liberal attitude prevailing in major-league territory will not be the controlling factor. The Southern ball player, by reason of his numbers and intensity of feeling, will be the dominating element of disturbance. And did you know there is a Jim Crow section in the bleachers at Sportsman's Park in St. Louis?

So what? the Action Now bloc will demand. Suppose there is trouble? The Negro can take care of himself, hot-headed humanitarians will hint darkly. Perhaps—but will violence and fights and retaliation make for progress and better understanding? Will it not debase the white man and demean the Negro?

Baseball men protest, justifiably, that profes-



sional rabble-rousers are making the game the scapegoat in the agitation for equal rights for Negroes when there are so many other important activities open to the charge of discrimination.

With equal justification, it seems to me, it is argued that baseball, the national game, should take the lead in democratizing America. Sports have shown that democracy works; sports are the American success story. Given half a chance in boxing, track and football, the Negro has demonstrated he is a magnificent athlete. Why should he not be given that chance in baseball? I'm not arguing either way. I'm merely setting down valid arguments offered by both sides.

IT HAS been said that this is not the time to raise the issue because it sows the seed of disunity when we are in desperate need of singleness of national purpose to fight the struggle for survival. It is argued, conversely, that there never was a more appropriate time for giving a tenth of a nation assurance that it will share in the new and better world we are trying to make.

There is still another angle—the least important, but worthy of some small consideration. It is the attitude of the Negro ball player himself. Hold your hats, but the fact is, he is not particularly anxious to play in the major or minor leagues.

Admittedly, it is a short-sighted

FOR VICTORY



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and selfish viewpoint, but the Negro has arrived at this astonishing attitude by a series of short and simple economic steps. Negro baseball now is a thriving, million-dollar industry and gaining steadily. There are two major leagues and several minor leagues that give employment to more than a thousand people. Negro baseball flourishes because the clients—including a surprising percentage of white spectators in the Middle West—firmly believe it is every bit as good as the baseball played on the other side of the tracks. The entry

of even one Negro in the major leagues would divert so much interest and patronage that the Negro leagues would suffer severely.

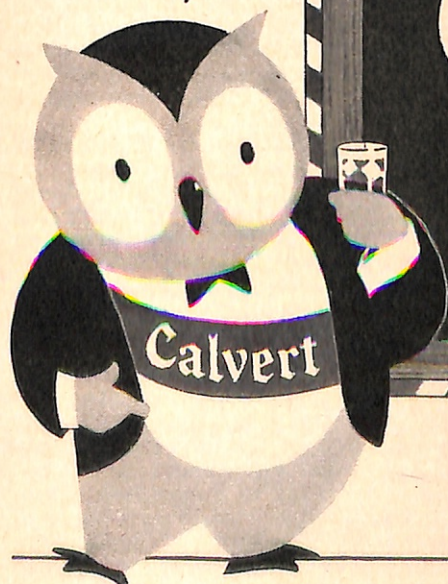
Satchel Paige, the great Negro pitcher, recently declared he was not in favor of mixed baseball. His chief objection was that he could not command the money he received last year. Paige mentioned the sum of \$37,000; you can take it with a granary of salt, but there is little doubt that Satchel makes much more money per year than the average big-league pitcher.

"You might as well be honest about it," Paige said. "There would be plenty of problems, not only in the South where the colored boys wouldn't be able to stay and travel with the teams in Spring training, but in the North where they couldn't stay or eat with them in many places."

"All the nice statements in the world from both sides aren't going to knock out Jim Crow."

MAYBE it is baseball's obligation to portray now the shape of things to come. Maybe baseball will delay eventual progress by precipitating untimely trouble and embarrassment for whites and Negroes. Nobody knows for sure, but before attempting to correct a difficult situation we should have an intelligent and realistic understanding of the causes we must cure in the national game—and national problem. It is your game and your problem.

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The Shadowy Man

(Continued from page 23)

She wrote it for him, naturally, and she prepared a lunch the next day, and that young Mr. Connerty met her in the hall going out and drove her downtown, and it was lovely on the water, and Edmund talked to her more freely than he ever had.

He spoke of his sister, that afternoon; he said he had not wanted to leave her today. Her heart, Dear Lady; any time now— But his sister had insisted he take the outing; she had told him she felt as if she knew and loved Miss Carolin herself.

"I speak of you so often to her, Dear Lady. You are not angry with me because I have?"

No. Miss Carolin was not angry. If there was anything at all she could do, visit her sometime, bring candy perhaps, or some flowers—

Edmund's face lit up then, so that she knew he had wanted her to suggest that all the time, though he had not dared ask it. Then they would have tea tonight, and just a short visit, an hour or so, since Elsie must not be fatigued; and he would take Miss Carolin home afterward, and he would be more grateful to her than he could ever say.

SO THAT was settled too. They would stop in after their sail, for just a little while, to see the invalid. And Miss Carolin thought of a frail, sweet woman with kind eyes, of a room lined with the books Edmund loved, a room with flowers in it, a quiet room with lamps and cool draperies at the windows.

She was thinking of it, a bit—well, nervous—when they drove out past the green lawns and the brick and shingle colonials in the northwest section of town. They drove far out—completely past that section, in fact, and stopped at last before a big old house that was not half so nice as Miss Carolin had imagined it would be. There was only one other house anyway close; the road straggled out to nothing in a woods fifty feet or so beyond it. A trolley went by three blocks over, on Belvidere Avenue, glittering and shining in the cool dusk under the trees. Then the taxi rattled off, and Edmund took her arm. It was so quiet she could hear her heart beating.

Lonesome, too. More lonesome than—

"Now then," Edmund said, in a stronger and more jovial voice than he ordinarily used, "now then—here we are."

He smiled at her and helped her up some rickety porch steps, and took

out his keys. Yes, Miss Carolin thought. Yes, indeed. Here they were. It was all so dismal, so unkempt, that she was wishing she hadn't come; but it was too late to turn back then. Edmund opened the door, and she went into a dim hall; Edmund closed the door, and took her arm again.

"Elsie!" he called, heavily. "Elsie!"

A door at the end of the hall opened, and a dirty little white dog ran out and snapped at her heels. Edmund chased him away, and the door opened wider, and Miss Carolin saw a woman standing there, holding an oil lamp up about as high as her face. At first she could only see the lamp, and the shadows in back; she couldn't see the face at all. And then the woman came forward, and Miss Carolin felt something funny and cold filling her up inside, because she wasn't a frail woman, and she didn't have kind eyes.

She was taller than Edmund, and enormously fat. She looked as if she'd never been sick a day.

McGinnis was home. He sat on his front porch, drinking beer out of the bottle—a solid, not very tall, chunk of a man, who looked so much like a policeman that the ones they have in the movies could have been modeled from him. He had big feet which troubled him. He wore high, broad-toed black shoes. He smoked cigars, and wore dark suits and white cotton socks and nondescript ties. His family consisted of five boys much taller than himself and a wife about as big as his elbow, and he was the only man Connerty had ever known

who could be described accurately as having a camera mind.

Connerty, hinting about lemonade, palmed off Elizabeth Ann Statler on little Mrs. McGinnis; then, when they had gone inside to attend to lemons and ice and water, he switched on the porch light and handed the picture to McGinnis. After he had told him everything there was to tell about Miss Carolin and the excursion and the empty apartment, McGinnis stared at the picture for a while and then laid it placidly, face down, on his thigh.

"I thought I recognized it," Connerty added, "but I wasn't sure. There's something—" He scowled and moved his shoulders helplessly. "You spot it?"

McGinnis didn't have a brilliant mind, nor an inventive one, nor one highly trained in a particular field. But he had the knack of seeing something once, a man, a picture, perhaps a license number, and of not forgetting it easily. Now, half closing his eyes, he tapped the back of the picture with his index finger—twice, deliberately.

"Dyed his hair," he said in a deep, mild voice. "Looks older, too. But the eyes, Willie—he couldn't change them, d'ye see. No. They sent out circulars on him three years ago. That's why you remembered him. After they dug up his farm and found four bodies on it. Women's bodies. Who's the girl?"

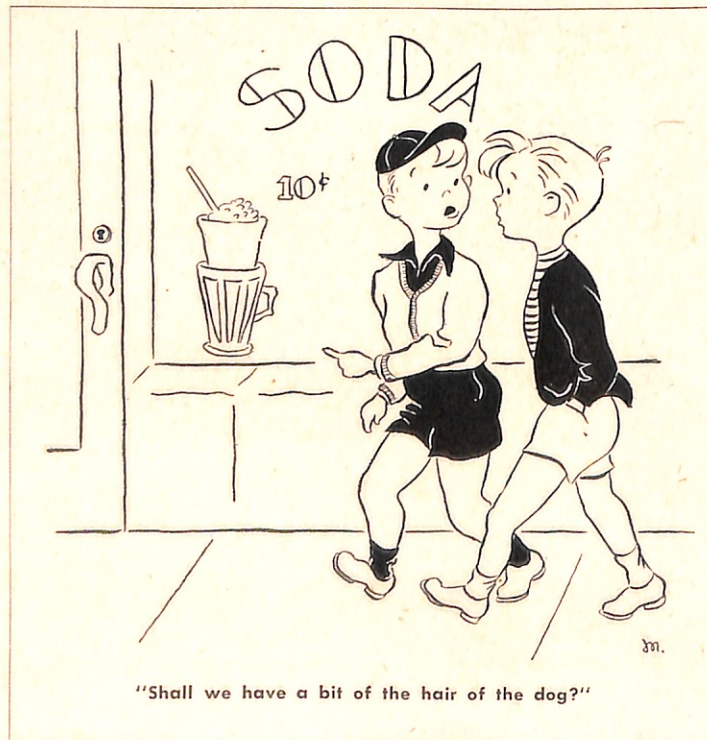
"Her niece," Connerty said, in a rather thin voice. "What's his name, Leo? What's his racket?"

"John Thomas Kingman," McGinnis said. "But he'll have changed that, Willie. He wrote to those women he killed—got their names out of some Lonelyhearts magazine, I guess—and got them to visit him. Did away with four of them before there was any fuss made. Then he skipped out. He's been quiet since."

Till now, Connerty thought. His fingers began to feel a little damp for some reason; he rubbed them down the side of his leg.

"I knew this Miss Carolin," he said. "She was as nice—well, there wasn't anything silly about her. She lived on her teacher's pension and what money she'd saved, and I'll tell you this, Leo—she wouldn't hand out anything to a man like Kingman."

McGinnis sighed. "She wouldn't have to, Willie. He was married to a big horse of a woman who might have been the



"Shall we have a bit of the hair of the dog?"

brains; she helped him, anyway. She—

"The super told me about her," Connerty said, his throat dry. "Big fat dame. Came with the movers. Claimed she was the nurse taking care of Miss Carolin. What the hell do they figure on pulling?"

"What they pulled before," McGinnis said. "With a couple of new angles, Willie. They steered clear of the magazines this time; they knew we'd be looking them over. He probably met this Miss Carolin somewhere and made himself pleasant; he could do that pretty good, from what I heard. The way he used to work it went something like this—say he'd been writing to a woman named Mary Smith, and got her to visit him after four or five letters. The week before she arrived the fat wife would go to a bank in Cleveland—three years ago they lived somewhere around there—and open an account under the name of Mary Smith, from whatever town it was the real Mary Smith lived in."

Connerty frowned. He didn't see any sense to that.

"No," McGinnis said. "Nobody did. That was the sly part of it, Willie. Take a bank now—they never ask you to prove you're the person whose name you give when you start an account with them. So when these women came to visit Kingman his wife had an account all started in their names—but the bank knew her as Mary Smith, understand, the real one they'd never seen. Well, in a day or two Kingman and the wife got rid of the women; then they hunted through her stuff until they found the bankbook she'd had. He passed himself off as a retired dairy farmer, d'ye see, and asked them to bring that along to make sure they had a little money to go with the fortune he claimed to have saved. And as soon as they got the bankbook their troubles were over. The fat wife was mighty handy with a pen, and she knew what the real Mary Smith's writing was like from the letters Kingman got. So she'd write to Mary Smith's bank, enclosing the bankbook, and telling them to transfer the account to the new bank in Cleveland."

"D'YE see how businesslike it was? Just transferring the money from the account of Mary Smith in Ashtabula to the account of Mary Smith in Cleveland. Routine, Willie. Only in Cleveland Mary Smith wasn't Mary Smith at all—she was this Mrs. Kingman. Nobody kicked up a fuss about what happened to Mary Smith meanwhile, because Kingman picked the kind of women who didn't have a lot of relatives to worry about them. In ten days or so, when the check cleared, Mrs. Kingman came in and withdrew the cash. That was all there was to it."

"This Miss Carolin now—she's like the others. She didn't have any relatives around; if this niece hadn't tried to surprise her she could have been gone a week before you worried

about it. See what I mean?"

"Yeah," Connerty said, clearing his throat. He could put it together himself now. Kingman took her on the excursion; that kept her away from the house while they moved her things out. The fat wife forged a note—they'd got a sample of her writing one way or another—and came along to supervise the packing. So she'd have found Miss Carolin's bankbook—she'd probably figured on getting the picture of Edmund back, too—and everything would be set now.

They'd write to her bank tomorrow, enclosing the bankbook. Please transfer my account . . . due to illness . . . forced to . . .

"I get it," Connerty said. "If the bank investigates they'll find Miss Carolin moved, like the letter said. The chances are they won't even do that. They'll just—"

Mrs. McGinnis and Elizabeth Ann Statler came out with the lemonade. The girl looked at McGinnis and then at Connerty, who jumped up at once and gave her a big smile. It didn't fool her at all though, because she said in a soft, unsteady voice, "What were you talking about? Do you think Aunt Agnes—"

Connerty told her not be silly. She shouldn't worry about anything now; her aunt was all right. Wasn't she, Leo?"

"No," the girl said, so softly Connerty saw it on her lips more than he heard it. "No. She's—she's—"

Little Mrs. McGinnis, standing behind her, made an angry motion with her head.

"All right," Connerty mumbled. "Let's go inside a minute, Leo."

They went in and closed the door, and Connerty lit another cigarette, and then put it down to burn out on the ashtray.

"Maybe he'll let her alone for a couple of days," he said. "Just lock her up or something. When the wife writes to the bank we'll get hold of them. We'll—"

McGinnis gave him a quick, rather surprised glance. No, Connerty saw, Kingman wouldn't just lock her up. Why should he? They could only hang him once, and he had that waiting for him already. So—

"So we got to find her," Connerty said, feeling his mouth stiffen up when he thought of Miss Carolin. A great old girl, he'd called her. If he told her he liked something, she'd cook it the next week when he came to dinner. She'd felt safe living next to him, although she pretended to believe that he wasn't a policeman at all. He didn't look like one. She liked strawberry sodas with lots of whipped cream and she—

"We got to find her tonight," he said. "Tomorrow's too late. That's right, Leo, isn't it?"

Quietly, pulling the suspenders over his shoulders, Leo McGinnis said, "I guess it is."

FROM the first Miss Carolin knew it was going to be an unpleasant evening. She did not like the house; she



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did not like the sister; and it came to her suddenly, once she realized those things, that now she did not like Edmund overmuch either. He became very nervous, almost sullenly quiet, when they sat down in the parlor, and he made no effort to help Miss Carolin talk to his sister. She had thought, Miss Carolin ventured finally—well, Edmund had said she was ill. Was she better now?

"OH, YES," the woman said, in a soft voice that had no inflection of any kind in it. "I'm much better. I'm fine." She smiled at Miss Carolin, a smile as empty of warmth and meaning as her voice, and followed Miss Carolin's eyes around the room—a small, shabby room, with dust everywhere, not even a rug on the floor. "We don't have much style here, I suppose; we just do what we can. But make yourself comfortable now. I'll have the tea ready in a minute."

The little dog padded out to the kitchen with her, and Miss Carolin, left alone with Edmund's abrupt queeriness, murmured that it was very quiet here. She had no idea they were so—so far off from things.

"It's quiet enough," Edmund said. "It's what she needs."

Behind him, at the very top of the windows, a few last chiffon streamers of sunset glittered and died in a remote sky thinly, almost colorlessly blue. It was, Miss Carolin thought, all very depressing. Why had she come? Edmund might have been a stranger; she could not think of anything to say to him. They just sat there silently until the woman came in again with a tray.

"There's a salmon salad," the woman said, "and some hot tea. Sit up to the table now."

Her face, turned a little away from Miss Carolin, slightly above her, too, moved into the feeble upward rush of the lamp. She had the fine, creamy complexion stout women often have; her small black eyes had heavy lids over them, and were arched by brows as thick and dark as a man's.

"Company," she said. "It's a treat for me, I declare. Since we left Ohio—"

Edmund made a jerky movement of the hand; she stopped and glanced down at him, her eyes twinkling. And Miss Carolin stared straight between them with a fixed smile, thinking that Edmund had never said anything about living in Ohio. Why? What was there—Uneasiness, the worst kind, the kind she couldn't explain, stirred in her. She decided that she would drink some tea;

she would talk to the sister for a few minutes; then she would leave. A headache from the sun this afternoon...

"That's a nice salad," the woman said, "but you're not eating much of it. Don't you like salmon?"

While she ate she looked at Miss Carolin steadily; her fingers were plump and strong, with heavy folds of flesh over the knuckles.

"Oh, that's too bad," she said, when Miss Carolin mentioned the headache. "That's a shame, that is. Would you like some aspirin?"

No, Miss Carolin said; it never helped her. The best thing would be to go home and go to bed. Perhaps when they finished their tea Edmund would take her to the—

"Oh," the woman said, not as if she were surprised or annoyed, "don't worry about that. Edmund and I had hoped you'd stay with us tonight. It's no trouble at all, you know; I've got everything arranged."

Miss Carolin's smile jumped a little, and probably the woman saw it.

"Oh, no. Thank you very much. I must go home, really. I—"

"But it's all right," the woman said, evenly, with no insistence. "You must stay a while, anyway. You can't rush off like this. I wouldn't like it at all."

Miss Carolin's throat began to get dry then, because the woman's face was something she saw even after she turned her eyes away—a plump, creamy face, round-cheeked, watchful, the lips pursed out slightly as if they had been compressed into a space too narrow for them. What had she meant when she said that? That they would not let her go, that if she got up now and said good night and turned to the door they would—

The idea was absurd, yet Miss Carolin could not dismiss it. She did

not like the sister, but she was not afraid of her, of course. No. That was ridiculous. Still her heart began to beat rather quickly, so that she had trouble getting her breath in. From his place across the table Edmund looked at her with an expression of weary persistence.

"You can stay an hour or two," he said. "We'd counted on that."

Miss Carolin smiled at him vacantly. What was rising in her, a terror as bright and small as a pinpoint of steel, she could not face. Her refuge was the refuge of people unaccustomed to evil, to physical danger—incompetent to deal with it. All she wanted to do now was to put off the time when she must get up, and say what a nice evening she'd had. She seemed to know what the woman would tell her—softly, sure of herself. No. She would stay with them. She had to stay. It was all arranged.

When her thoughts went that far their faces and the walls of the room, the dark windows in front of her, seemed to waver in long dim streaks. She drank some tea; she forced down some salmon. The woman talked to her in that soft voice—of the war, the scarcity of sugar, of the movies. She liked Nelson Eddy very much; she saw most of his pictures three times. And Miss Carolin, fighting her numbness, fighting the unfamiliar constriction in her throat, said she liked him too. Time passed somehow—unhurriedly like water dripping into a sink. Then a few minutes after ten the woman got up and went over to one of the windows.

"My," she said, "my, it's dark. Not a light anywhere. The Robinsons are in bed now, Edmund."

She turned, smiling at Miss Carolin, and drew the shades.

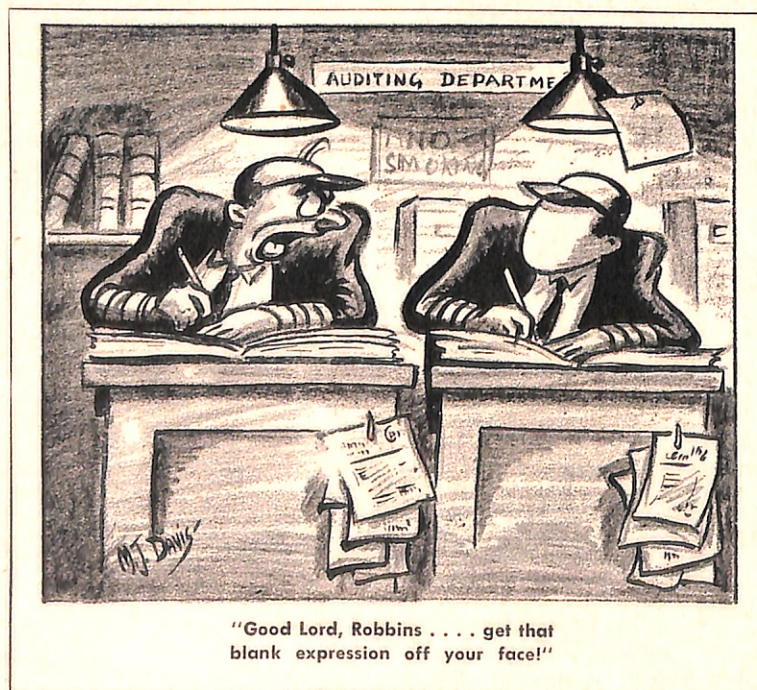
"Are they?" Edmund said. His mouth had an odd, pinched whiteness to it, so that when

Miss Carolin looked at him, and saw that, she seemed to understand what they had been waiting for—the time when the Robinsons, the people next door, would have gone to sleep.

"I'll take the tray out," the woman said. "No, don't get up, please. I'm just going to stack them on the drain for tonight."

Miss Carolin heard the kitchen door swing shut after her. For a moment she could not move, she could not speak; then she whispered to Edmund, as if the terror burst in her suddenly and forced the words out, "I'm going home, Edmund. You have to take me. Now, before she comes back. Do you hear?"

"What?" Edmund



said, jerking his eyes past her. "What are you talking about?"

She touched his sleeve the way a child would have touched it. Now, now. He had to take her. He'd lied to her. His sister wasn't sick. She—

Then the woman came back. Edmund said to her without turning his head, "She says she's going home now. She wanted to leave when you were in the kitchen."

"Did she?" the woman asked, still placid. "I suppose she wouldn't tell you why." She looked across at Miss Carolin. She said, "You're shaking all over. What for? Why are you afraid of me? I've known that ever since you came in."

There was something left in Miss Carolin besides the terror—dignity, perhaps, rather than courage. She said unsteadily, "I'm not afraid of you. I'm going home now—I don't care what you think. I want to go home. And you mustn't try to stop me."

"Mustn't I?" the woman said.

Edmund took a decanter from the table in the corner and drank out of it.

"All right," he told her—harshly, savagely. "All right, Miss Agnes Carolin. What's the matter with you? What idea have you got buzzing around in your silly head?"

She managed to get up, her numbness a sickening thing inside her, her face blotched here and there as if the blood could not force itself evenly through the flesh.

"I'm going now," she said. "Don't try to touch me."

The woman did not move; she stood with her hands clasped at her waist, quiet then, quiet as a carving. It was Edmund, moving very deftly and quickly, who got between Miss Carolin and the hall door.

"Are you going?" Edmund said, all hard and ugly. "Do you think—"

"Wait a minute," the woman called sharply. "What's that?"

Edmund stared at her; then he went over to the window and raised the shade an inch so he could look out around it.

"A car," he said, breathless suddenly. "It's stopped out front. She's tricked us, Sadie. By God, she's—"

"No," the woman said. "No, she hasn't. She's not acting. See who it is—they might only want directions. And don't worry about her," she said. "Don't be a fool and lose your head. I'll stay here. I'll take care of her."

As soon as Edmund ran out she started around the table, towards Miss Carolin. She moved silently, the way people move in dreams, and it was the silence which filled Miss Carolin with a strangling, nightmarish sense of horror.

"Don't come near me," she tried to say. "Don't touch me."

She stumbled back, the little white dog snuffling bad-temperedly at her. Calm faced, her eyes black and intent, the fat woman came on, knocking a chair aside, moving faster than Miss Carolin, edging her towards the kitchen. When the wall was behind

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As a clause that deserves a place in your will, we suggest the following:—

"I give and bequeath the sum of.....Dollars to the Elks National Foundation Trustees of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks of the United States of America, a corporation duly established and existing under the laws of the District of Columbia."

The Elks National Foundation is one of the outstanding agencies for good work in our Order. At the time of the Foundation's last annual report, its principal fund stood at \$600,000. Not one penny of this principal can ever be touched. Only the income on the principal can be spent. In the last eight years, the Foundation has expended income totaling \$130,000.

Not one penny of the Foundation's earned income can ever be spent for overhead expenses,—these are borne by the Grand Lodge. ALL of its annual income goes for Scholarships to worthy students, for care of the sick, for healing crippled kiddies, and for other good works.

A bequest to the Foundation is a bequest for permanent, deserving charity.

her Miss Carolin made a desperate lunge sideways, so that the woman had to grab out suddenly for her. Then the dog under them, forgotten by both, yelped in agony, and the fat woman looked down at him, and took her foot off him so quickly that she lost her balance. One leg buckled; she was carried forward by that into a chair, and the chair turned her falling body into the wall. Miss Carolin heard her moan painfully; then Miss Carolin ran past her groping hands to the hall door, and stopped there because someone had reached it before she had.

The someone was young Mr. William Connerty. The dog yelped again a good way off from her, and Mr. Connerty's angry voice boomed in her ears, and the fat woman breathed out something inarticulate and hating and venomous. Then a funny kind of darkness swirled up and shut all those things off, but

Miss Carolin did not mind the darkness at all. Young Mr. Connerty held her very close. There was nothing to worry about after that.

NATURALLY Elizabeth Ann Statler thought he was pretty wonderful, too, and if Connerty didn't argue about that at any length he did mention Leo McGinnis once or twice in a vague sort of mumble. He'd spotted this John Thomas Kingman after all. And only for that—well, Connerty thought, they'd still be going around in circles.

"Yes," Elizabeth said, and looked at him in a way that made Rosalind Russell seem like somebody's maiden aunt, "but he'd never have found them tonight. I know that. You thought of the taxi stand, didn't you? You said if he didn't have a car himself he'd probably take her out to his place in a cab, and you knew where the excursion boat came

in, and you checked on every cab that had been there till you found the right one. That was—that was just marvelous, Mr. Connerty. I really mean it."

"Oh," he said modestly, "it wasn't anything much, I guess. He didn't figure he had to be careful; he thought he'd have a week or so before anyone missed her. He'd have had it, too, if you hadn't come. You going to be in town long?"

"I'm afraid not. Just a week," she said, rather demurely, giving a simple answer to a simple question.

That wasn't long, one week. Connerty worried about it until he remembered his vacation in August, and the time he'd had trying to pick out some place to spend it in. When he thought of it now though, it seemed all settled, someway or other; in a place like Oakdale, Iowa, he seemed to know he was going to find everything he'd want.

Rod and Gun

(Continued from page 15)

training is evidenced by the calibre of directors and instructors which Army and Navy flexible gunnery schools are providing. Directing officers in both branches of the service include such outstanding shots as Lieutenant-Commander Frank R. Kelly, three-time all-America skeet team captain and, in the opinion of many, the country's greatest skeet shot; Captain Bob Canfield, of the championship Hilltop Skeet Team; Private Dick Shaughnessy, several-time national champion, and a host of other skeeting and trapshooting stars.

This shotgun shooting course is considered so important that British flying personnel, now training in this country, are taking it, as are Chinese and other student flyers. Eventually it will put into aerial combat thousands of deadly wing-shots whose "blind" will be a powered turret and whose weapon will not be a double 12-gauge, but double .50 calibre machine guns capable of ripping an enemy plane to shreds with a single short burst of fire.

INCIDENTALLY, both the Army and Navy are combing the land for young men who have had wingshooting experience, as these lads most quickly develop into crack aerial gunners.

In the Army, these young candidates for the aerial gunnery course must be 30 years of age or under, must not weigh more than 175 pounds or measure more than five feet, 10 inches. Perfect vision is, of course, essential. After 13 weeks of basic military training, candidates progress to a gunnery school for five more weeks of intensive shooting and study. Graduates finish with a staff sergeant's chevrons and 50 percent more pay for flying time, plus those recently designed gunner's wings, which are worn over the left

breast. After that the gunner becomes an important member of a bombing crew, and one of the most envied men in the Army Air Force. Any soldier can apply for this training, and the same goes for sailors.

THERE are indications that duck hunters along our coasts and probably in the Great Lakes region will be required to carry Coast Guard identification cards this Fall. For which reason it's your correspondent's suggestion that application for these identity cards be made at once, to avoid that last-minute rush.

The candidate must furnish passport-size photos—and no hat, please—and be fingerprinted. Your nearest Coast Guard headquarters is the place to apply. Gunners who live inland from our coasts or Great Lakes need not, of course, concern themselves about the above.

BIG league skeet shooting is getting tougher than boarding-house steak. Just how tough was revealed by recent national championship scores, carded in August at Syracuse, N. Y.

There was one 250x250, and two 249s, which were good for straight, place and show in the all-gauge individual. But there were about a dozen shooters knotted with 248s, and it took eight shootoff rounds to get 'em unscrambled. Private Dick Shaughnessy, the Dedham, Mass., crack, finally won the fourth spot from Ensign Bill Perdue, of the national championship Navy Aviation squad. Shaughnessy broke a straight double century and Perdue went 199x200. In other words, to win fourth and fifth place in the individual these days, a shooter can't drop more than two saucers in 450 shots.

East Coast salt water anglers got

a tough break this past summer. Aside from cancellation of two or three big tuna tournaments and restrictive wartime regulations which put a damper on coastal angling, those popular finned favorites, the bluefish, showed up in number after an absence of six seasons.

What drove the talent nuts, of course, was the fact that restrictions prohibited offshore trolling and chumming along much of the Atlantic Coast. The thought of all of those blues out there in Neptune's ocean, and no way to get at 'em, had New York and Jersey fishermen talking to themselves all summer.

"You might know," commented one frustrated angler, "that those blue hellions would show up right in the middle of a war!"

Along the East Coast the bluefish rates right at the top. The boys are strong for striped bass, tuna, bonitos and channel bass, but when the blues are running nothing else matters. Not even love.

FROM best information the supply of shotgun shells will be adequate for this Fall's hunting season, but beyond that things don't look so good. The dope is that shells are still being loaded, but that much or all of this stuff is clay target ammunition and most of it going to the gunnery schools. Joe Citizen probably will have to get along with whatever stock of hunting loads now reposes on store shelves and in warehouses. When that is burned up, there just ain't gonna be no more, pals. Or at least that's the quiet word one hears in select shooting circles.

IF THAT favorite rifle or shotgun isn't in good repair now, chances are you'll either shoot is "as is" or not at all. The reason is that top-flight gunsmiths either are working

on Government contracts, or hitting the clock in the larger arms plants. Few are doing any sporting business these days.

'Way last Spring your reporter uncovered a brand new M-1 Springfield .22, and took it around to one of the country's best-known gunsmiths for conversion to a Hornet. After three or four months, he finally got around to checking the forearm and grip, but that was all. The rest will have to wait until after the war. Unless you're lucky, so will you.

Comparatively few of the Nation's wildfowlers found any fault with this season's duck and goose shooting regulations. The extra 10 days was appreciated as it gives gunners in all three zones a break. And all approved the sunrise to sunset change; that 4 P.M. deadline was a headache from one end of the country to the other.

MANY would like to have seen the live decoy ban lifted; matter of fact, it would be a sane conservation move to legalize the animated quackers again. Reason is that it would cut down the number of lost cripples. Really wary birds such as Canadas, black ducks and one or two other species, are difficult to decoy within killing range with wood or cork blocks. The result is much out-of-range shooting, which cripples but does not kill a huge number of birds. Many of these cripples die later, or fall victim to furred or feathered predators.

Actually, the live decoy ban, like the "bucks only" law, looks good on paper, but that's about all you can say for it.

Idle Thought Dept.: Approximate-

ly 1000 people lose their lives every year in hunting accidents, and about three times that number are injured. Most of these shooting fatalities are the result of stupid carelessness.

This Fall many American lives will be sacrificed far from home hunting fields. We cannot do anything about that, but certainly there is little sense adding to the tragic toll of life which impends, by carelessness here at home. Remember, a gun has no brains. Think before you shoot.

Tip Dept.: If you have difficulty estimating range from a blind, spot a single decoy about 50 yards from your damp ambush. This will serve as an excellent range marker.

Too much oil on the mechanism of an automatic shotgun results in sluggish functioning in cold weather. Clean off excess oil whenever the mercury dips.

Squint through the barrel of a shotgun—or rifle—after you've taken a tumble. A mud plug will burst a barrel, and a burst barrel might cost a hand.

THE biggest majority of duck shooting misses result from underleading. Experienced wildfowlers are agreed it's almost impossible to overlead a whizzing quacker. Get out ahead of 'em, and keep swinging. And don't flinch, check your swing, or raise your face from the stock.

Keep on the alert when you're gunning. The difference between a limit bag and an indifferent day's shooting frequently is a matter of taking advantage of every opportunity. This is particularly noticeable on days when shots are few and far between. The gent who's asleep at the switch when his chance comes along has no excuse.



"Tastes just like water. I don't notice anything novel about it."



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In the Doghouse

(Continued from page 14)

how many there are. Up to now I thought I had discussed Fido from his cradle to his coffin but I was wrong. A little research uncovered quite a few things about his uses which I didn't know.

Primarily, our four-legged friend's services can be catalogued as—1. Working use. 2. Sporting use. 3. War use. 4. As companions and pets. 5. As the reason for the employment of thousands of people and the creation of a number of businesses involving hundreds of millions of dollars. 6. Scientific use.

Under our first classification—working use—let's briefly name these. We'll go into details later. First, there's the dog's job as herder and guardian of flocks and droves . . . sheep and cattle. Here, from the cocky little corgi to the stately collie, we find Fido doing his part intelligently and well. As a watchman for home, farm and many a business place too, he has no superior. Right now in scores of defense plants and military areas dogs are used as guards. They're doing a fine job too. So well are they working that the supply of such trained purps doesn't begin to equal the demand. For example, "Dogs for Defense", an organization of dog fanciers with New York City headquarters, has issued a call for 125,000 dogs to be trained for just such duty. The preference is for the larger breeds or at least medium-sized. The dogs do not necessarily have to be pure-bred although these aristocrats are preferred.

Next we see Fido guiding the blind, and what a boon these "Seeing Eye" dogs are to their afflicted masters and mistresses. But not only are such highly trained dogs used for this purpose. Many a lowly pooch operating on sheer intelligence and instinctive sense of protectiveness for his or her master or mistress and without any training, is doing the same. Nor does this take into consideration the comfort of the companionship of such dogs to the blind. This really comes under a different heading and will be discussed later. Right now we're only concerned with Fido's working use.

Did you ever think of the dog as a draught animal? Well, he's used that way particularly in the Lowlands of Europe and parts of France. Many a small tradesman unable to afford the cost of keeping horse has to rely on his dog. In most countries where dogs are so used they are pretty well taken care of. The law sees to this. But, unfortu-

nately, there are some places where the dog does not have this protection and, sad to say, many fine animals are fearfully abused, overworked and driven to pull loads that are excessive.

Then we have the dog policeman. His duties here are roughly divided in two. First, he's used very effectively to trail criminals and lost persons. As a rule, the misunderstood bloodhound is preferred for this work although other of the larger hounds are also employed. In fact, any medium-to-large intelligent dog with an unusually keen nose can be and often is used. The other half of Fido's duties as a copper is in police work proper. In this he goes through a highly developed system of training which I'll tell you about later. In substance he's taught to operate with police officers and has proved time and again to be a valuable auxiliary.

You'd never think of the dog as a fisherman would you? 'Safact. I don't mean merely as an assistant to his owner but as an honest-to-gosh Isaak Walton. In France and in Portugal he serves this way. And believe it or—believe it—in France he actually digs for fish.

No animal has played a more important part in discovery than has the dog. Without his assistance the Arctic regions would probably be still an unknown land to the white man. True, polar discovery would have eventually been made by airplane, but to cover ground and make intimate contact with the country, dogs are required. Here, in cold that would be

unbearable to a horse, the dog thrives and does splendid work pulling sleds of his master. Another factor that rules out the horse in favor of the dog is that the former is herbivorous, a vegetarian, and it would be impossible to transport sufficient food for him during the long trek to the recesses of the polar region. The dog, a carnivorous animal, can live on the game killed by his master. Without their dogs it would be impossible too for the natives of those lands to live, as they must by following game as it moves from place to place.

In certain of the mountainous countries dogs are regularly employed for rescue work. The brave work of the St. Bernard dogs is probably known to every school boy or girl. These fine animals since being used this way—to rescue persons lost in the storms that so often visit the St. Bernard Pass of the Swiss Alps—have to date saved more than 2,000 lives. This is a matter of actual record. But not only in such places does Fido function as a lifesaver. In the violent waters off the Newfoundland coast he has worked time and again successfully rescuing passengers and seamen from foundered ships.

I don't know whether you've ever looked a truffle in the face, but if you have you can depend upon it some dog made this possible. In ferreting out this, as Webster defines it, "subterranean fungi or tuber", the dog's keen nose plays a most important part. Occasionally he competes in this work with the pig but the persons who gather these table delicacies prefer the dog both because he can dig better and because it is found difficult to restrain the porker from eating the truffle when located.

Yes, even as an actor, the dog works for man. You've probably seen him often in movies, on the stage or in the circus. And let me tell you, those movie purps are paid salaries, some of them, that run well into three figures.

Our friend rounds out his services to people by being the official scavenger in many a city in the Orient. This very likely is why he is regarded as unclean in those places and why our Bible so refers to him.

As this is written, I have received many letters from owners whose dogs are suffering from so-called summer eczema—a rash which frequently develops in summer time. If any other readers have dogs so afflicted and they will drop me a line. I can tell them about an excellent remedy.



Now let's see what the pooch does in a sporting way. His outstanding service here, of course, is in the hunting field. There would be far less hunting were it not for the dog's ability to "point" (locate) game and to retrieve it after the hunter has made the kill. The dog is invaluable too for trailing and holding large game. Only one other animal, the cheetah, can compare with him in the coursing field. This means the pursuit of running game. In this only the fastest dogs are used, usually hounds able to keep the quarry in sight. This differs very much from trailing where the game is more deliberately tracked by dogs using scenting power alone.

In track racing Fido really goes to town. Thousands of dollars are invested in him and many of the faster stars would set you back a neat little sum if you wanted to buy any one of them. Hundreds of thousands of dollars have changed and are changing hands as the result of these purps' winnings—or losings. Up where the snows lie thick the dog is used as a sled racer and has compiled some almost unbelievable records. In this way too, he's brought plenty chips to his owners.

WHEN the dog goes on the show bench or enters a field trial or official obedience test, he becomes not only a source of pleasure to his boss but a means of some tidy profits. Unfortunately, here and there in hidden places, the dog is still used for fighting. I list this under his sporting use but I shouldn't, because this is anything but a sport and the human brutes who engineer these events I'm sure were raised in ash-barrels, at best.

Number three on our list is the dog's use in warfare. Since time immemorial dogs have played a part in the military imbroglios of their masters. In ancient times they were used in the field for attack. But with the invention of firearms their services were gradually discontinued. World War I saw a revival of the pooch as a campaigner. But not as an active combatant. His modern use is for sentry, messenger (and other light duties) and rescue work. Many a

man alive today owes his life to the services of just such dogs.

As pets and companions (number four of Fido's uses) to millions of people—well, we all know the dog's value in this. Many an otherwise lonely person has found that the company of his or her dog means real happiness. And this doesn't go only for those who might otherwise be lonely; it applies to many who live darned active lives too.

I haven't listed this as a major service the dog renders because it is by no means universal, but there are places where his pelt and his fur are used to make clothing. Oh, yes—and there are certain benighted lands where dogs are considered as a part of the family menu.

OUR fifth classification—the dog's use and monetary importance to men—is where he really scores in a big way. The average person seldom if ever thinks of how much money is involved and what a giant industry has been built around our friend. To begin with, the farmer owes a lot to the dog. So does the live-stock raiser. Millions of dollars for dog foods containing cereals and meats pour out of the pockets of the public every year. In the course of preparing and selling these, thousands of factory workers, clerks, salesmen and related workers are employed. Then there are other hundreds of thousands spent for dog medicines. Added to these vast streams of money is that which is spent to advertise these products and so the advertising man, the editorial worker, take a bit profit. In many instances Fido pays these folks their entire salaries. Some twelve to fifteen thousand veterinarians add to their purses through Fido's tummy aches and other ills. Professional dog trainers, dog show judges (some of them, but not all) kennel owners, railroads and express companies, they too are in debt to the dog. The list is great. The money involved is greater, and in the next issue I'll begin to go into details of all these services rendered by that guy that has been so rightly named as man's best friend... the dog.

(To be continued)



"How to Know and Care for Your Dog" is the title of Edward Faust's booklet, published by the Kennel Department of *The Elks Magazine*. One canine authority says, "It is the most readable and understandable of all the books on this subject". This beautifully printed, well-illustrated, 48-page book covers such subjects as feeding, bathing, common illnesses, training and tricks, the mongrel versus the pedigree, popular breeds, etc. It costs only 25c. Send for your copy NOW. Address—The Elks Magazine—50 E. 42nd St., New York.

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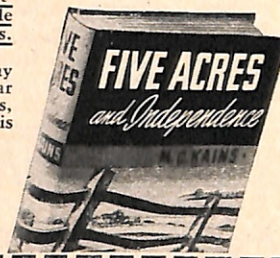
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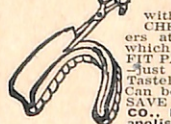
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SECRETARIES AND LODGE CORRESPONDENTS

Please note on your records that all material sent for publication in *The Elks Magazine* should be in our hands not later than the 15th of the second month preceding the date of issue of the Magazine—for example, news items intended for the December issue should reach us by October 15th.

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DIP AND OINTMENT

Boom in Blimps

(Continued from page 19)

slumped over lifeboat thwarts look up hopefully as the big blimp hovers overhead; their bearded, sunburned faces take on expressions of astonishment as the silver airship maneuvers into position, drops its water ballast bag and drogue, the latter being a flat metal cone that is paid out by a wire from the nose of the ship, and down on a rope comes water, hot coffee, sandwiches. The effect this hot liquid and food has on those survivors is electric; haggard expressions give way to grins, depression to noisy cheerfulness. Resuscitated, they can now cheerfully face the short wait for the Coast Guard boat that has been summoned by the blimp's radio.

The water ballast bag and drogue or drag anchor are two ingenious Navy developments that deserve some explanation. These two deceptively simple contraptions convert the airship into a surface craft, a conversion which has all sorts of potentials, from re-fueling to putting a skeleton crew aboard a suspicious ship by means of a swaying sea ladder.

With the arrival of the Coast Guard patrol boat our blimp can turn to other duties—anti-mine work, for instance. As you probably know, certain subs can lay mines, a fact confirmed by the recent announcement that some ships sunk off the Atlantic coast had been blasted by mines rather than the torpedoes first suspected. The modern patrol plane traveling at a very high speed has little chance of detecting a mine, but these diabolical devices can easily be spotted from the soaring blimp which, hanging in the air above the slimy, bobbing death-trap, can blow it up with gunfire. Hovering over the danger area, the blimp can ably direct the work of the mine-sweepers and lead ships a delicate dance through the mine-fields.

Life aboard a blimp is comparable to life aboard a bomber. The long patrol which may start before dawn and last well after dusk, becomes an ordeal. It often takes on a harrowing monotony over an ocean that may vary from a gray, sluggish sea undulating in a soporific swell, to an ugly, green ocean spotted with angry white caps and stinging spindrift. The only break in the exhausting monotony as eyes strain for long, black shadows and slim, short periscopes may be the hot meals served up from that miniature galley. Little wonder blimp crews look forward so eagerly to mealtime. In your hypothetical blimp patrol, your breakfast might have been followed by a lunch of soup and

sandwiches, a midafternoon snack of hot dogs and coffee, and a steak dinner, but it will be long after dinner before you see the huge Lakehurst hangar looming out of the night.

Considering the efficacy of blimps in the last war, their neglect in the post-war period is all the more surprising, for our long coast lines are ideal for blimp patrol, a 24-hour airship watch over such areas equalling the work of four or five cruisers.

The first thing our A.E.F. saw upon approaching England during the last war was the blimp fleet. During the last 18 months of World War I the British maintained an average of 56 blimps and in that period this small airship fleet undertook over nine thousand patrols and two thousand escorts. The blimps located 134 mines and destroyed 73; they sighted 49 subs and sank 27 and don't forget that they were inflated with highly inflammable hydrogen.

Skeptical taxpayers have commented. "One good thunderstorm would finish 'em." The records tell a different story. In the final eleven months of the last war there were only *nine days* when blimps were grounded because of bad weather, despite the well known fogs and drizzles of England and France. Today blimps take off from Lakehurst and other American bases when ground crews can't see the top of the bag for the fog.

The term "blimp" is of English derivation. Early in World War I the British compared these airships with airplanes and appropriately named them "limps". One model that came along was named the B-limp and eventually it seemed simpler to call it "blimp". Years later, David Low, the British cartoonist, created a char-

acter called Colonel Blimp, a delightfully stupid fellow with a walrus moustache and a propensity for pomposities—in other words a gas bag. The association with this old duffer was typical of the contempt heaped on the defenseless blimp during the period between wars—a fat gas bag floating lazily in the clouds. It was a disparaging analogy which unfortunately was not buried when the good Colonel was Low-ered into his journalistic grave about a year ago. Hitler punctured Col. Blimp but it took the devastating sub attack off our Atlantic coast to puncture some of the gassy fallacies we had accumulated. One was the weather, another was the airship's vulnerability to bullets.

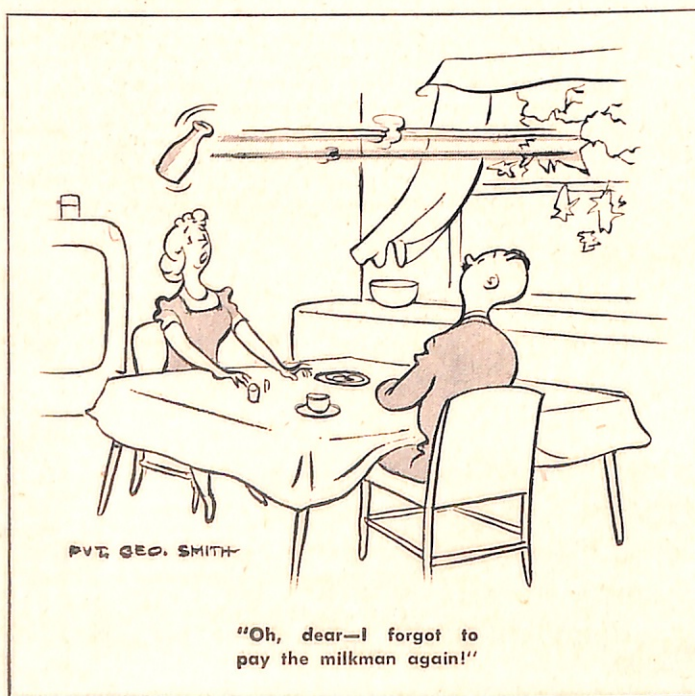
The idea that one shot from a .22 would burst a blimp seems to have been a hangover from those last war movies in which German zeppelins were shot down in flames over London. The public forgot that these airships were filled with inflammable hydrogen and even then it took a tracer bullet to do the trick.

As for bullet holes in helium-filled blimps, Navy Department records show that when gas cells are torn, slashed or punctured, gas leakage is so slow that the accident may go unobserved for hours, even days, for there is no pressure at the bottom of the gas cell and very little at the top. In fact—believe it or not—helium acts as a fire extinguisher, by squatting on the oxygen that feeds the fire.

The helium, which we were wise enough not to let the Germans have several years ago, comes from natural gas found in several States, Texas for one. Two to eight percent of this natural gas is helium. This pre-

cious gas used to cost \$125 a thousand cubic feet but efficient quantity production has now cut the cost to \$20 per thousand. This means that the gas in a Navy blimp now costs \$2500 instead of \$50,000. Further, tank cars have been developed to carry this helium to blimp bases where it was formerly transported in expensive cylinders. These tank cars hold 200,000 cubic feet apiece, two cars furnishing enough lighter-than-air gas for a Navy blimp.

We've got helium; we're rapidly getting pilots to fly the helium-inflated airships. Money for this pilot-training came just in the nick of time, as airship personnel was being scattered to the four winds. This Navy program was immeasurably helped by the Goodyear Company of Akron, Ohio, which kept its Goodyear



blimps flying through storms both of Nature and of derision.

Lakehurst is the training center for airship pilots. It takes six months to train a bright young man in this esoteric profession. Come along and see a student land a blimp.

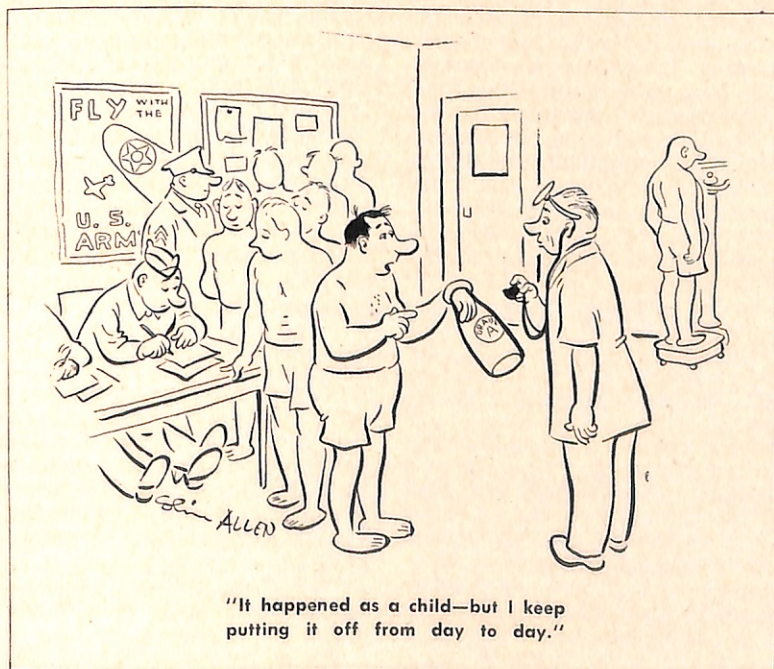
On this hot, sticky day fanned by warm gusts of wind, eighteen sailors form into a V on the Lakehurst field—a V, at the apex of which stands the ground crew chief, waving a white flag. The airship soars slowly around the great asbestos hangar, turns into the wind and points its blunt nose at the flag, descending with the motions of a merry-go-round horse. Two lines dangle from the blimp's bottom. Toward these run the sailors from the spreading V while eight of their pals make for the rail that runs around the bottom of the control car. Bear in mind that this is a student pilot, that he has no brakes and that gusts of wind toy with a landing blimp like a cat with a mouse.

At this point, the writer and the Navy's public relations officer at Lakehurst are standing a little to the rear right, two dignified observers of an interesting spectacle. The small, descending blimp looks harmless enough as it noses down toward the white flag, but suddenly the picture changes. A gust of wind strikes the blimp and pokes it out of the spreading V. All at once the blimp, looming a few feet above us, becomes an enormous elephant who is about to put a clumsy foot right in our perspiring faces. "Take to the pines!" cries the public relations officer. We drop dignity and escape as the blimp bounces by followed by the pursuing ground crew thundering along like the flying wedge on a football field. The blimp bumps into the macadam runway and its solitary caster wheel, which looks like a fat rubber doughnut, turns and runs along the ground. Now you can see why the blimp has only one wheel and a swivel one at that, for any

other type would have buckled under the strain. Undaunted, the student pilot keeps his head as the gust of wind dies down, and, working on his elevator wheel, brings his ship out of the bounce with the help of the ground crew that has come up fast.

When the next group of airship cadets takes its seats in the control car an astonishing feat of strength takes place similar to the old vaudeville gag, where the puny comic lifts a tremendous but hollow weight labelled 1,000 lbs. The ground crew chief yells, "Up ship!" and the sailors, grasping the control car rail, fairly lift the big, fat blimp right off the ground. This bit of levitation is called "weighing the ship" and is the process whereby the pilot determines whether he has a light or heavy craft—something which can be controlled by ballast and helium. Curiously enough, some pilots like to operate "heavy ships" and others like their blimps nice and light. This one was a little light, a condition quickly remedied by loading aboard three bags of sand from a nearby supply truck. The bags weigh thirty pounds apiece. Then again came the order, "Hands off!" and this time, the weight being what the pilot ordered, the next shouted command was "Up ship!" and the blimp rose, moving forward and upward in a gradual ascent.

In the last war, the student pilot would have had a much tougher time. In those days blimps didn't have caster wheels, their undercarriage consisting of comparatively useless pneumatic bumper bags. The caster wheel often averts disaster as it turns and runs with the blimp and, moreover, allows the pilot to take off with a heavy fuel load. With the fat rubber wheel, the blimp pilot can taxi down the runway like an airplane pilot, getting lifting currents curling up over the blimp's blunt nose just as they spill over and pull up a beveled airplane wing.



"It happened as a child—but I keep putting it off from day to day."

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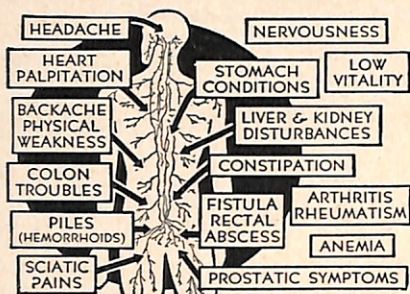
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Another great advantage this war's blimps have over the airship of World War I is the portable mooring mast. In the old days the blimp had to be babied into her hangar by the ground crew. There are all sorts of villainous air currents lying in wait for lighter-than-air craft, particularly around the big hangar doors and on some windy days this operation consumed a good deal of time and energy. The present day mooring mast, a steel tripod on six rubber wheels, eliminates a lot of dangerous jockeying.

Essentially the new mooring mast is not a recent improvement. The British built some in the last war and Al Smith had one stuck atop his Empire State building.

To begin its experiments with mooring masts, the Navy built a 180-foot column at Lakehurst with an elevator inside it. But one day the *Los Angeles*, moored to the mast, got restless. The silver nose of the impressive *Los Angeles* was glued to the mast but her tail began to rise until it reached an angle of 90 degrees. Actually, this merely broke a few dishes in the galley but it seemed neither dignified nor proper for such a stately ship to be standing on her head like some wanton blonde, and this incident sharpened the demand for a much lower mast where the tail, too, could be restrained. Out of various experiments finally came the portable mooring mast you'll see today at Lakehurst, the heavy tripod towed by a tractor. Airship flights used to be called off if a six-mile-an-hour wind tickled the hangar. With the portable mooring mast it's a rare stormy day that can keep blimps grounded, for with the cone on her nose firmly clamped to the mast the blimp can be moved to a safe launching spot in all kinds of weather.

Every potential blimp pilot at the Lakehurst training center must take five free balloon flights to familiarize himself with basic lighter-than-air conditions. Free balloon enthusiasts will tell you, with an unearthly glint in their eye, that there is no sensation that quite equals that of air-current hitch-hiking. Well, maybe. Anyway, a free balloon is a helium bag from which is suspended a wicker basket. The balloonist controls his ascents and descents with ballast and valves. Once aloft, he may locate a suitable air current by looking down at bits of paper dropped over the side or looking up at released toy balloons. The

sensations of the balloonist are very unusual indeed. His balloon is not being driven through the air by powerful, deafening engines but is soaring along with the helpful air current. Thus he may stick out his hand or head without feeling strong air resistance, just an eerie smoothness. The balloon's movements are so silent as it soars through the air that its occupants can plainly hear earthly sounds from below, dogs barking, automobile horns, arguments between husbands and wives.

Free balloon flights for the training cadets usually last two or three hours, ending with the free balloonist deflating his bag upon landing and phoning for a Lakehurst truck. In a recent flight one unlucky student shot straight up in the air and hopefully got aboard a current that proceeded to quit work right over the Lakehurst railroad station, a handsome one-room edifice of brown clapboard at the foot of Lakehurst's bustling boulevard. Not an inch farther would this recalcitrant air current take the naval airship cadet. So there he sat over as uninspiring a bit of landscape as ever intrigued the human eye, until at last, in despair and disgust, he valved some helium and descended between trains—which is not a very difficult feat, as a glance at the Lakehurst timetable will show you.

What kind of a candidate declares for lighter-than-air? No particular kind, just one who wants to work hard. For airship training is a tough course, the prospective pilot studying not only aerodynamics and gunnery, which airplane cadets wade through, but the chemistry of gases and aerostatics. More than one airship cadet at Lakehurst, asked why he happened to volunteer for lighter-than-air duty, answered, "Well, it seems to me that almost every Tom, Dick and Harry wants to get into heavier-than-air craft—fighters and bombers. Me, I want to be different so I put my name down for airships."

It's different all right, no doubt about that. It's an extraordinary profession that gets a strong grip on a man, an indomitable if intangible grip, a stubborn airship spirit that can survive long years of contempt and derision, convinced that the time will come when millions will be spent on bases and blimps, on a branch of the service that will continue to pay dividends long after the last submarine has been sent to the bottom.

The Lion and the Mouse

(Continued from page 13)

"Shifted!" Me and Whitey report together.

And we're on—aimin' amidships of the Jap and at his water line. There's more roll to the ship now, but that Whitey is keepin' the hair line in his sight just as steady as if we'd been doin' this every day of our lives. Now you see why I say you can always depend on Whitey Twiller.

We close the range to six thousand yards, and it's goin' to be murder.

A massacre. Both ships are blastin' away with everything they've got. But the *Rockland* is at a disadvantage. With her fire control gear knocked out, the turrets are all blazin' away separately and that ain't nearly so deadly as when they fire together.

"Keep on, Whitey," I says. "We got to make every shot count. This is for the real belt, pal."

"Right on. Smack on," Whitey re-

ports, grinning across at me. We fire another salvo and then the Jap tosses a salvo at us. This time it is close—much too close, and one shell smacks Whitey's side of the turret and explodes. When I find my voice I yell to my pal.

"Whitey—! Whitey! You all right?"

"I was knocked down," Whitey says. "But I'm up."

"Get on the Jap," I says. "Put her at the water line."

Whitey is a little slow and the rest of the turrets get their salvos off before we do. Then Whitey presses the pickle and we send our regards to them Japs.

I watch our salvo land. It's high—away too high.

"What's the matter, Whitey?" I says. "Cut out the jitters."

"Who is nervous?" says Whitey straightenin' up from his sights and lookin' across the gun barrel at me.

And then I see the reason. There's blood runnin' down Whitey's face in a couple of little rivers. But this ain't the worst of it—and all I can say is, "Whitey, what a time for you to pick to get a couple of mice!" Both of his eyes is plumb closed, and he don't know whether it's day or night or Saturday.

"Can I help it," Whitey says, "if a bolt comes loose and smacks me?"

The gun captain, Jankowski, hears us arguin' and he pipes up, "Silence in the turret! What's wrong up there? Get on, you dopes. We've been ready to fire now for thirty seconds."

Before I think what I'm sayin', I yell, "It's Whitey! He's been hit."

"Hit!" says Jankowski. "Can't take it, huh?"

I got me and Whitey's nerves together by this time and I come right back, "Of course, he can take it. He can take more'n anybody can dish out. They ain't nobody throwin' a towel in on Whitey now," I says.

With Whitey's eyes wearin' the crape again, I got to think fast for both of us. So I coach him on the Jap cruiser just like I would've done in all our ring fights if some chicken guy hadn't always been too anxious to toss the towel on us.

"Up a hair—bring her up, Whitey," I says. "That's it! Hold her. Wait for the roll. She's comin'—only a hair more. Right on. Fire!" And Whitey presses the pickle.

The salvo strikes home—right at the Jap's water line. It's as good as Whitey has done with his eyes wide open. But that's a manager's job, to stick by his fighter. Salvo after salvo I keep coachin' Whitey. And it's always the same.

"Up a hair, pal. Steady . . . A hair more. Hold it—"

We're in to four thousand yards now and sluggin' it out, toe to toe. At this range the Japs can't miss us. Our number 2 turret catches a salvo from the Jap and I can hear the guys in there screamin' and yellin'. A few seconds later an explosion rocks the ship and then we get the word that turrets aft are out of commis-

sion. Only one turret is left to fight that Jap. That's number 1 turret. Me and Whitey.

The Jap is on fire amidships, but still the salvos pour from the Jap's forward and after guns. They've got eight guns to our two.

"In the guts, Whitey," I say. "Right in the guts. Steady on, pal." I don't have to tell him any more. A big-time battler like Whitey knows we've got to sock where the enemy is weakest. And it's amidships where he is on fire. It's rapid fire now, the fastest we've ever fired. And all the time I keep talkin' to my fighter, to Whitey, soft-like. This is the way I'd planned to talk to Whitey all along if we'd had a chance.

"Up a hair, Whitey . . . hold it, steady. Just a hair more. Fine!"

I think maybe that Jap's tougher'n Whitey's jaw. He won't go down no matter how many salvos we pour in to him amidships. But we keep on throwin' steel. We've got to do it or take the count from the Jap.

Once Whitey looks over at me. There's a silly grin on his face. He still can't see a thing and he's punchy. But I yell at him.

"Whitey! Whitey! Get on your sight. We've got him rockin' now. One good bust will do it." And Whitey grabs hold of the pointer's wheel to put us back on the Jap.

Whitey is really punchy now from that clip he got. He's wild in his movements and I have to shout.

"Down a hair. Down! Bring her down, Whitey. Steady as you go," and Whitey lowers our only remainin' guns to get a bead on the Jap.

"Fire! Let her go, Whitey. Fire!"

I watch the salvo roar toward the Jap. There is a flash of fire, clouds of smoke and a thunderin' noise when it strikes home. But it's true, right on the spot we've been tryin' to find. A great boomin' noise rocks the ocean and the Jap cruiser explodes amidships and breaks in two. Right in her guts. My battler, Whitey, has give her the count, and the Jap's bow and stern seem to jump out of the water.

"Whitey—Whitey!" I yell. But Whitey can't hear me. That clip has finally got him down and he's slid into a heap there beside the guns. Even if he can't hear me, I still got to say what is on my mind. "It's all over, pal," I says. "You're a big-time battler, a real champ, Whitey—Whitey!" I shout.

Well, they ain't much more to say. A few hours after the battle Whitey come to and everybody on the ship is tellin' Whitey what a real champ he is. Even the skipper talked to us and he says, "Springfield, I'm mighty proud of you and Whitey. In fact, I'm gonna speak to the President about you lads."

"Thanks, Captain," I says. "That's certainly white of you. And you can tell him for us that he ain't got a thing to worry about from now on."

And he ain't, because I've thought up a little piece of strategy. I'm puttin' a mask on Whitey Twiller, so just you watch what he does with his eyes open.

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Elks National Foundation SCHOLARSHIP CONTEST



THE Elks National Foundation Trustees announce that Twenty-Five Hundred Dollars in scholarship awards will be distributed at the 1943 Grand Lodge Convention. This nation-wide contest for the "Most Valuable Student" prize awards is of interest to the students of every community who are leaders in their respective schools and colleges. For the past nine years our awards have made it possible for many superior young students to continue their college courses under favorable circumstances. The prizes offered this year are as follows:

First Prize	\$600
Second Prize	500
Third Prize	400
Fourth Prize	300
Fifth Prize	200
Five Honorable Mention awards of \$100 each	500

Eligibility

Any student in the senior or graduating class of a high or preparatory school, or in any undergraduate class of a recognized college, who is a resident within the jurisdiction of the Order, may enter this contest.

Merit Standards

Scholarship, citizenship, personality, leadership, perseverance, resourcefulness, patriotism, exceptional courage and any notable action or distinguishing accomplishment are the criteria by which the applicants will be judged.

Applications

The Foundation Trustees do not furnish application blanks nor do they insist upon any special form of application or presentation. They prefer that each applicant use his own ingenuity in presenting his case. Experience has shown that the interests of the applicant are advanced and the time of the Trustees is conserved by neat, orderly, concise, direct and chronological presentation on paper approximately 8½ x 11 (the usual business letter size) bound in the form of a brief or prospectus. Neat heavy paper bindings can be procured at any stationery store.

We suggest as essential details the following, preferably in the order indicated:

1. Recent photograph of applicant. (Not a snapshot.)
2. A statement of not more than 300 words prepared by the applicant in his own handwriting, giving name, address, age and place of birth, and presenting reasons which applicant thinks entitle him to one of the awards.
3. A letter of not over 200 words from a parent or guardian, stating size of family, financial condition and other facts showing applicant's need of financial assistance to continue in school.

4. A concise statement of applicant's educational history from first year of high or preparatory school to the date of application, supported by school certificates signed by the proper school authority showing the courses taken, the grades received and the standing of the applicant with relation to other students in the class.

5. A comprehensive letter of recommendation covering character, personality and scholarship of applicant from at least one person in authority in each school.

6. Two or three comprehensive letters of endorsement from responsible persons, not related to applicant, who have had an opportunity personally to observe applicant and who can give worth-while opinion of the character, industry, purposefulness, disposition and general worthiness of applicant.

7. A letter of endorsement signed by the Exalted Ruler or Secretary of the subordinate lodge in the jurisdiction of which the applicant is resident.

8. Remove all letters from envelopes and bind the letters flat.

9. Exhibits evidencing notable achievements in dramatics, literature, leadership, athletics or other activities may be attached, but applicant should avoid submitting repetitious accounts of the same aptitude.

Only students of outstanding merit, who show a high appreciation of the value of an education and who are willing to struggle to achieve success, have a chance to win our awards. Experience indicates that a scholarship rating of B plus or better and a relative standing in the upper ten percent of the applicant's class are necessary to make the group that will be given final consideration for the prizes.

The application must be filed on or before March, 1, 1943, with the Secretary of the State Elks Association in the State in which the applicant is resident, in order that it may be passed upon and, if approved, come in with the quota of applications from that State and be received by Chairman John F. Malley, 15 State Street, Boston, Massachusetts, not later than April 1, 1943.

The officers of the subordinate lodges are requested to give notice of this contest to the principals of the high and preparatory schools and the deans of the colleges in their vicinity, and to cause this announcement to be published in the lodge bulletin.

All communications with respect to the applications subsequent to April 1, 1943, should be addressed to Chairman Malley.

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